

DEC. JAN.

TARGET

COMICS

10¢



VOLUME 6
NO. 9



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM



TARGET HITS AND MISSES



Editors' Page

The Editors Write:

Greetings, Gang:

We want to bring you up to date on the fine work made possible by the National War Fund, which is a voluntary war agency. More than half its funds are allocated to agencies serving our armed forces. One of these is the USO, the service man's "Home away from home," through its more than 2,700 clubs and units from Alaska to Brazil, from Newfoundland to Hawaii.

With comfort, recreation and spiritual refreshment it helps to occupy the off-duty hours of our men and women of the armed forces—for those who are going to war and those who have returned from war!

Also, to aid our fighting Allies and friends overseas, member agencies of the National War Fund provide urgently needed assistance in many different forms for children, for the sick and aged, for those who have been bombed out of their homes. Medical supplies, food, clothing and other materials are shipped in accordance with needs to areas where they will do the most good. The relief afforded by National War Fund agencies is a part of our total war effort. It must and will continue for security as well as humanitarian reasons.

The work made possible by the National War Fund must go on until the war is over—until our fighting men are back in their homes and the service flags come down.

Come on, gang—back the National War Fund campaign.

Cordially,

THE EDITORS

Dear Editors:

I don't think you publish a hundredth of the letters with criticism. Your magazine isn't too popular with the boys in my part of Pittsburgh.

The Target I know has jumped from airplanes and has been shot at by enemy agents, no person could have been missed as much as he has. The Cadet is hopeless. Get rid of him. Dan'l Flannel is too fantastic, talking to animals, haw! The Chameleon is swell. Speck, Spot, and Sis is super!

Why is this magazine called TARGET Comics, it isn't funny.

Yours,
hoping you'll get
a better magazine,
Norman Schwarz
Pittsburgh, Pa.

We're glad you like some things about TARGET, Norman.

* * *

Dear Editors:

I would like to take this time to tell you how much I enjoy your swell comic book. You see I have a heart ailment and I can't run around like other kids, so I spend most of my time reading.

First I read TARGET Comics and then I read the Q's and A's. I get a lot of fun out of testing myself. I enjoy Speck, Spot, and Sis most of all. Well, I guess that's all I have to say besides keep up the good work.

Yours truly,
Doris Hamilla
Cleveland, Ohio

Thanks for your nice letter, Doris.

* * *

Dear Editors:

I live in the country and every month I wait impatiently for my uncle to bring me the latest edition of Target Comics. My favorite features are Candid Charlie and The Cadet.

Please don't ever think of discontinuing these comics. I have just finished the latest edition of Target, and it was swell!

Yours truly,
Vallure Lindley
Dallas, Texas

We're pleased to know that TARGET makes a hit in Texas, Vallure.

The Readers Write:

Dear Editors:

I have read many comics but none could ever compare with TARGET. I enjoy every story, The Cadet, Candid Charlie, and the Q's and A's are my favorites. I think that TARGET is just the right name for it. I don't care so much for "The Chameleon."

Sincerely,
Audrey Quigley
Bronx, New York

Sounds as though you and Norman Schwarz aren't in complete agreement about TARGET, Audrey.

* * *

Dear Editors:

I just love to read TARGET. It is not only a good book, but a most famous comic. My favorite strip is Speck, Spot, and Sis—they are really good.

My brother goes to West Point and I send him TARGET every time one comes out. He says that he enjoys them very much. Now when one comes out and I don't send it to him, he is so mad.

A TARGET reader
A. D. Robinson
Roseboro, N. C.

Glad to hear from a real TARGET fan.

* * *

Dear Editors:

I really think you now possess a one hundred per cent comic book. I don't miss Al T. Tude, in fact that's all TARGET magazine needed to make it perfect. I like your book because it's filled with adventure, action, thrills, and a bag of laughs.

The Q's and A's are a super idea. Hats off to the Editors of TARGET.

A TARGET reader
Jeanette Karl
Baltimore, Md.

Sounds like TARGET rates with you, Jeanette.

* * *

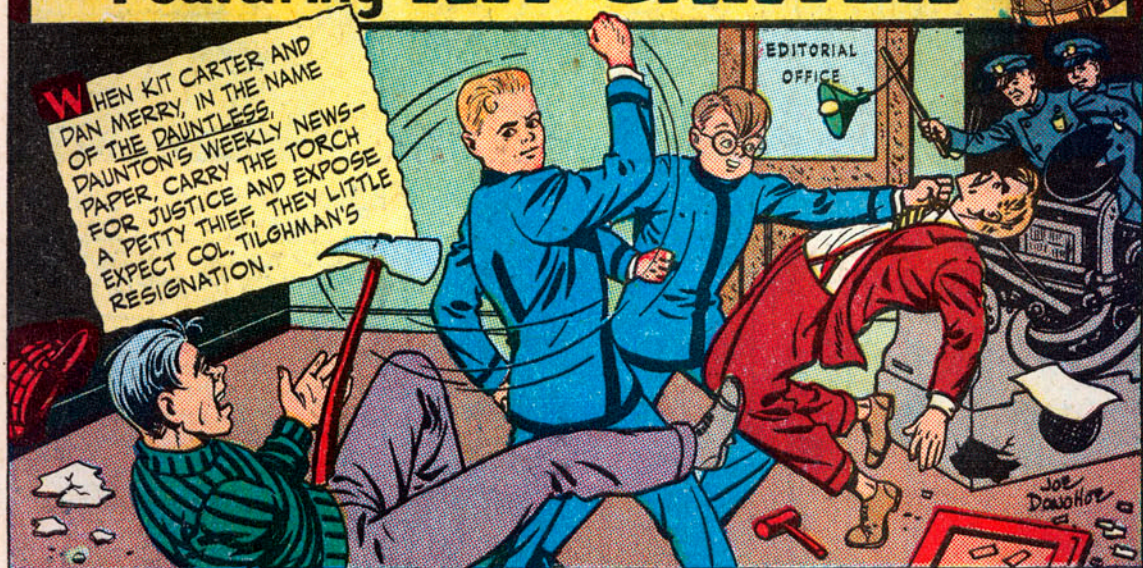
Support the National War Fund

ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO TARGET COMICS, 119 WEST 19th ST., NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

\$1.00 in War Stamps will be sent to the writer of each letter published on this page.

THE CADET

Featuring **KIT CARTER**



HOW DOES IT
FEEL TO BE
EDITING YOUR
FIRST ISSUE OF
DAUNTLESS,
KIT?

SWELL-- ER,
WAIT, DAN--
SOMEONE AT
THE DOOR!



HI, MERT--
COMON IN.

HOWDY,
GUYS-- SAY,
KIT, CAN
YOU LEND
ME FIVE?



SURE, MERT. JUST
GOT MY ALLOWANCE
FROM THE
BURSAR--

WHAT
KIND OF
SCANDAL ARE
YOU GETTING
READY FOR
YOUR FIRST
ISSUE OF THE
DAUNTLESS?

Editor and General Manager—ROBERT D. WHEELER

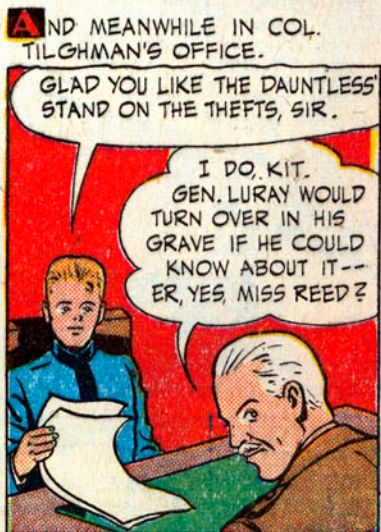
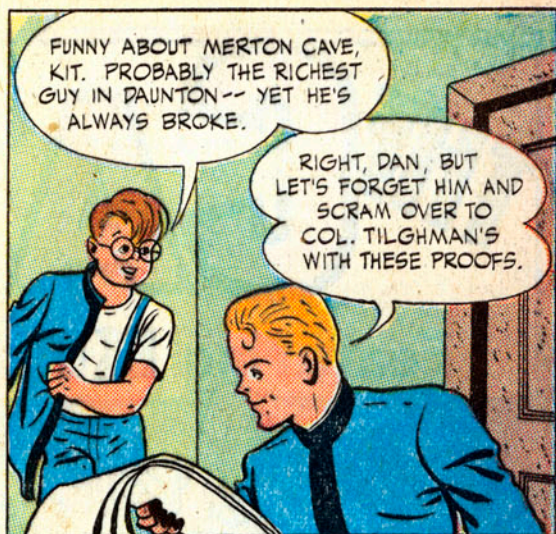
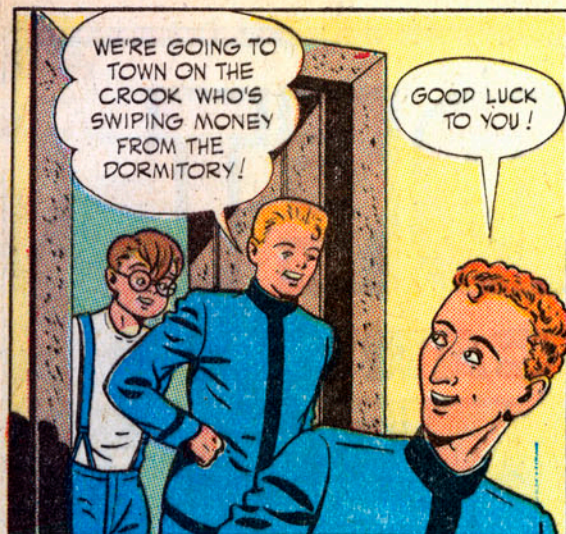
Managing Editor—JANE SPAULDING NYE

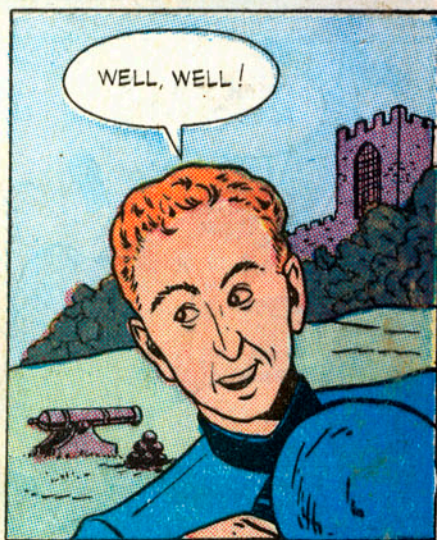
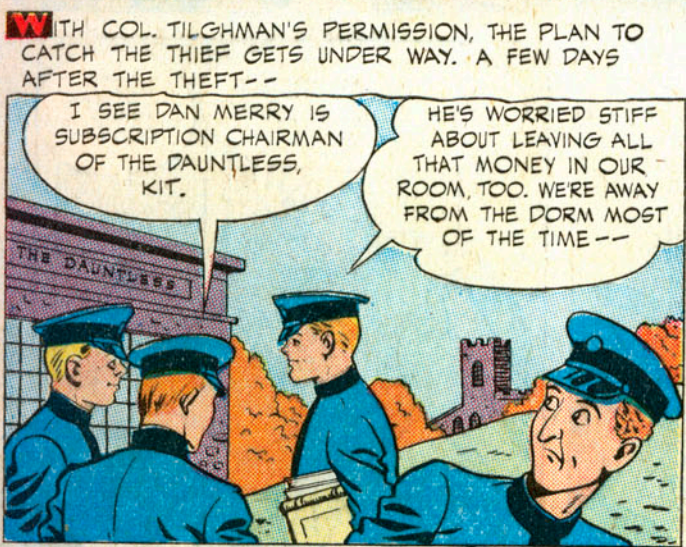
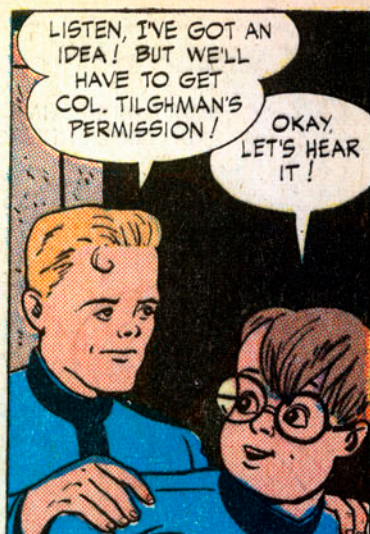
Art Director—MEL CUMMIN

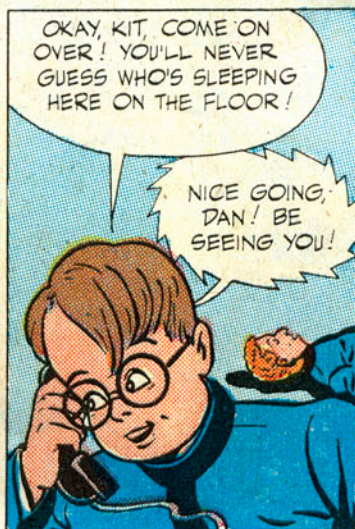
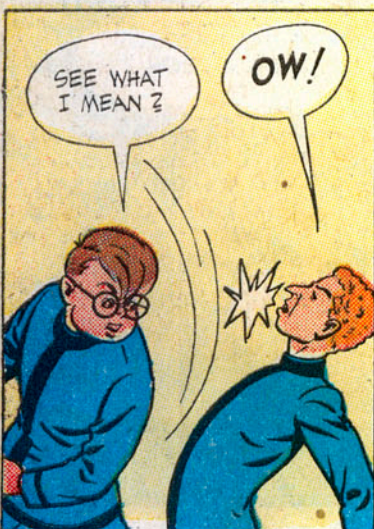
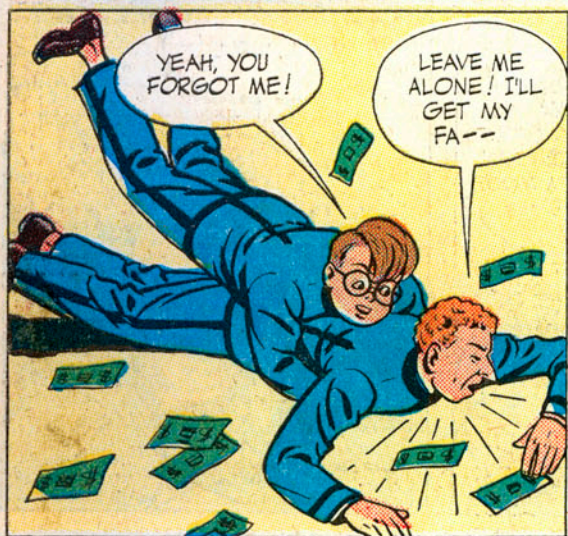
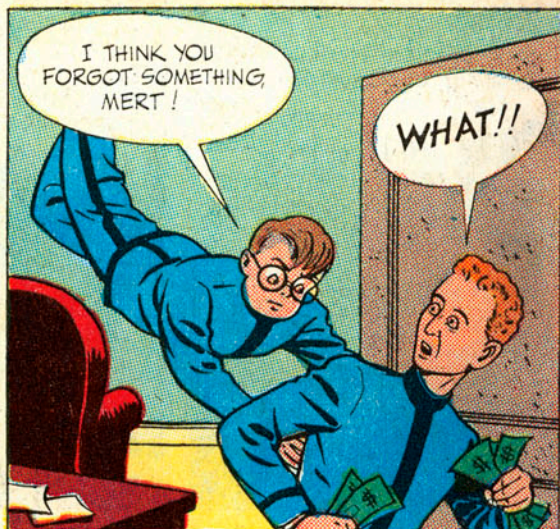
Associate Editor—PEGGY ANN CROWLEY

Editorial Assistant—HELEN DOIG SCHMID

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AW, NO, KIT! PLEASE DON'T!
I'LL PAY YOU BACK! I
LOST MY MONTH'S ALLOWANCE
GAMBLING DOWNTOWN!

IXNAY, MERT! WE'LL
KEEP THE STORY OUT
OF THE DAUNTLESS,
BUT THE REST IS
UP TO THE COLONEL!

TWELVE MINUTES LATER IN
COL. TILGHMAN'S OFFICE.

BUT, COLONEL, WHAT CAN I
TELL DAD? PLEASE DON'T
EXPEL ME!

YOU SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT
OF THAT SOONER, MERTON.
YOU LEAVE DAUNTON IN
THE MORNING. I SHALL
WRITE TO YOUR FATHER
TONIGHT!

I'LL FIX THOSE GUYS!
IT'S DAN MERRY'S WORD
AGAINST MINE! NO ONE
ELSE CAUGHT ME WITH
THE DOUGH!

MERTON CAVE FACES THE HOME FIRES--

WHAT IS THE
MEANING OF THIS,
MERTON?

IT'S ALL A
MISTAKE, DAD!
I WAS FRAMED!
I SHOULDN'T HAVE
BEEN EXPELLED!

--AND THEY WERE SPENDING SUBSCRIPTION
MONEY! WHEN I WENT TO THEIR ROOM AND
ACCUSED THEM OF STEALING, KIT AND DAN
JUMPED ME. I GOT THE GATE!

I NEVER HEARD OF ANYTHING
SO UNFAIR! WE'RE **BOTH**
GOING BACK TO DAUNTON!

MERTON'S FATHER VISITS
COL. TILGHMAN--

--MAY I SAY, MR. CAVE,
THAT MERTON'S STORY
IS A PREPOSTEROUS
LIE?

AND MAY I REPLY THAT NOT
ONE CENT OF MY MONEY
GOES TO DAUNTON WHILE
YOU ARE IN CHARGE?

THEN, SIR, FOR THE GOOD
OF THE ACADEMY, I SHALL
RESIGN AT ONCE!

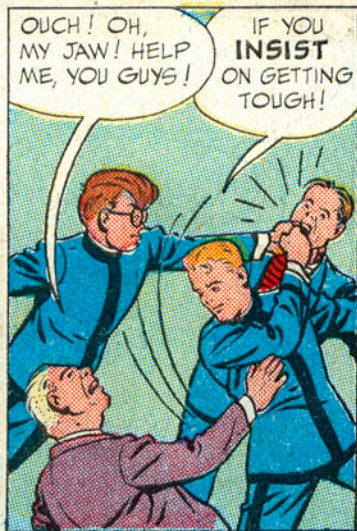
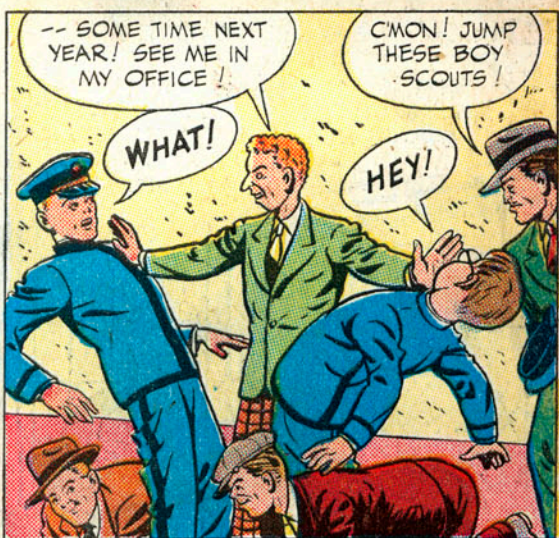
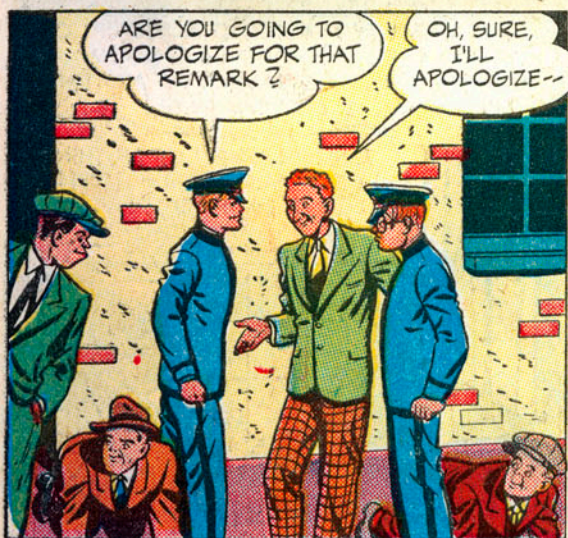
THAT, COLONEL, IS
AN EXCELLENT
IDEA!

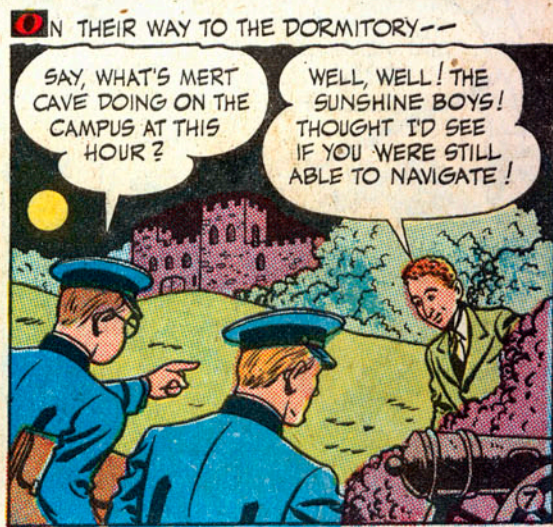
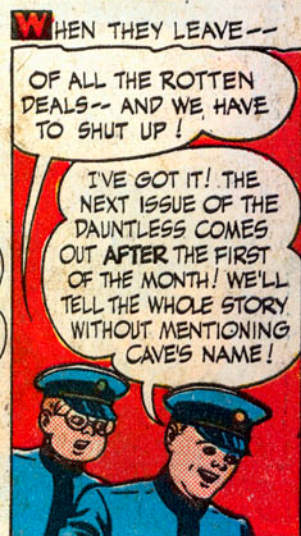
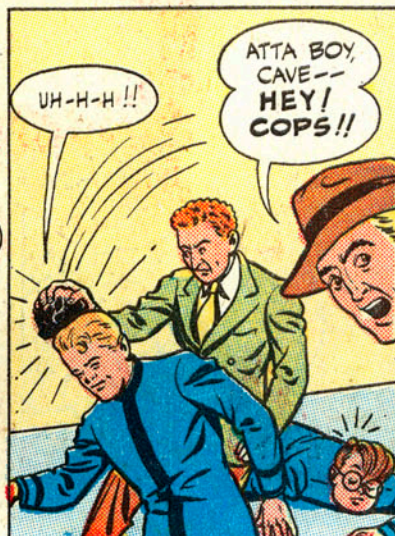
DOWNTOWN, LATE THE NEXT
DAY--

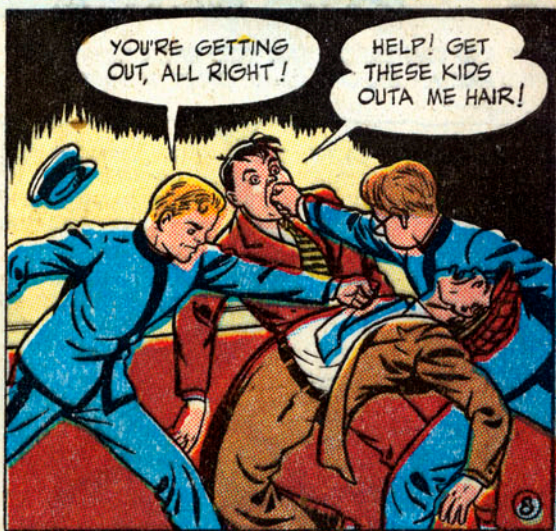
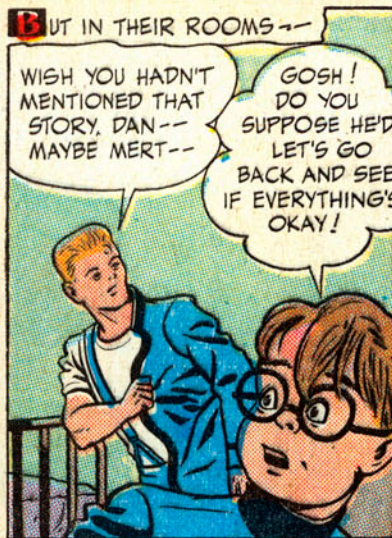
OH-OH! ALMOST TIME FOR MESS!
WE'D BETTER HURRY BACK!

OKAY--ER--LISTEN,
DAN! AROUND THE
CORNER! I'M SURE
THAT'S MERT CAVE'S
VOICE! I THOUGHT HE
HAD GONE HOME!

AROUND THE CORNER--





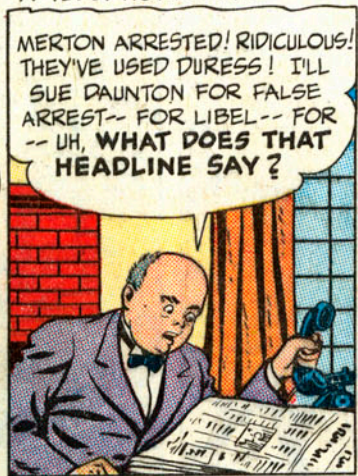




THAT NIGHT MERTON CAVE IS PICKED UP AND BROUGHT TO HEADQUARTERS--



EARLY NEXT MORNING-- A TELEPHONE CALL--



WITH THE DAUNTLESS' PRESS RUINED, SURROUNDING PAPERS HAVE PRINTED KIT'S FEATURE--



THAT SAME AFTERNOON--



THREE WEEKS LATER--



VOLTO

FROM MARS

VOLTO'S OUT-OF-THIS-WORLD MAGNETIC POWERS CONQUER A FIERY INFERNO IN THE TIMBERLANDS OF THE GREAT NORTHWEST ... SAVE JIMMY AND THE JUNIOR RANGERS FROM A TRAGIC FATE.

IT SURE IS GOOD TO HAVE YOU AN' THE BOYS UP HERE, VOLTO. I'M MIGHTY SHORT OF HELP!

WE'RE MIGHTY GLAD TO BE HERE, WARDEN.

HEY! I SMELL SMOKE!

IT'S COMIN' THIS WAY! QUICK, BOYS! LET'S GET ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THAT STREAM!

BUT TOO LATE! GIANT FLAMES LEAP THOUSANDS OF FEET IN THE AIR... THE HEAT IS UNBEARABLE...

AND THEN, IN THE NICK OF TIME, VOLTO CALLS UPON HIS SUPERHUMAN, MAGNETIC POWERS...

WE GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE!

HELP! THE TREE'S FALLING ON ME!

LOOK! WHEN I SAY "VOLTO!" MY LEFT HAND REPELS...

JIMMY IS SAVED, BUT THE FIRE RAGES ON. SO...

AND NOW TO PUT OUT THE FIRE! WATCH! MY RIGHT HAND ATTRACTS!

YOU SAVED US, VOLTO! AND PRICELESS LUMBER, TOO, WHICH OUR COUNTRY NEEDS!

AND LATER-AT THE CAMP...

NOW FOR NEW ENERGY! WE MARS-MEN MUST RECHARGE OUR MAGNETISM WITH WHOLE-GRAIN CEREAL ONCE A DAY.

WELL, WE'VE GOT THE DANDIEST WHOLE-GRAIN CEREAL ON EARTH RIGHT HERE IN CAMP- GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES!

SAY! THIS IS GREAT! THINK I'LL TAKE SOME UP TO MARS!

WELL, VOLTO, WE CAN'T BE MAGNETIC LIKE YOU- BUT WE CAN GET NEW ENERGY WITH SWELL-TASTING WHOLE-GRAIN GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES!

Grape Nuts Flakes
WHOLE GRAIN

© 1945, GENERAL FOODS CORP.

PETE STOCKBRIDGE- *alias* "THE Chameleon"

AT PETE STOCKBRIDGE'S HOME
IN A U.S. CITY, RAGSY IS ALL
EXCITED AS----

RAGSY...

READER-REMEMBER
RAGSY, ORPHANED
CHARGE OF PETE
STOCKBRIDGE, THE
CHAMELEON? HERE
HE IS AGAIN IN AN
EXCITING ADVENTURE
WITH HIS PAL, PETE!

WHAT'S UP,
LIEUTENANT?

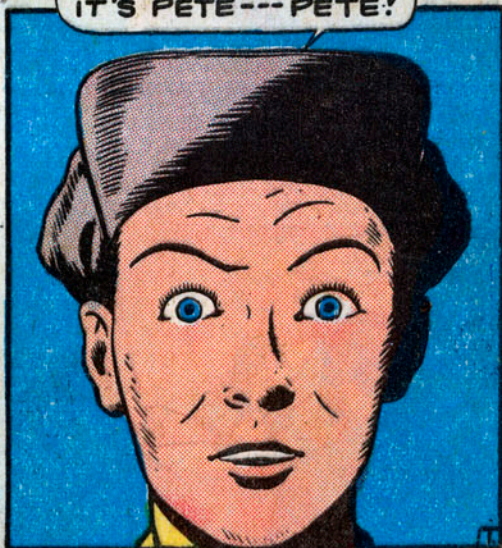
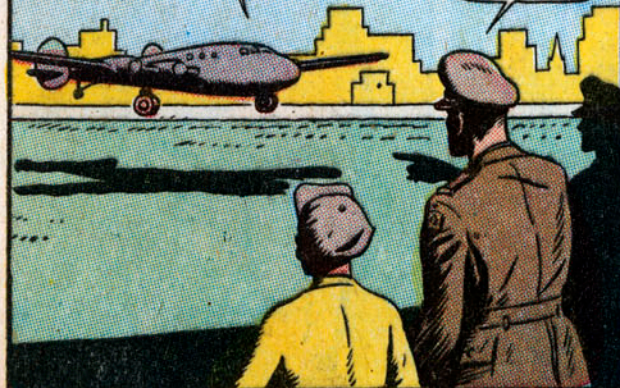
YOU'VE GOT ME, RAGSY!
ALL I WAS TOLD WAS TO
BRING YOU TO THE
AIRPORT!

GULLIVER!
IT'S PETE---PETE!

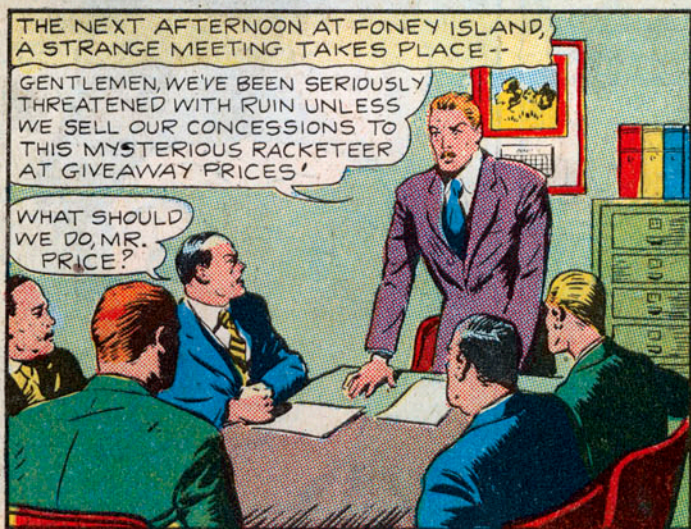
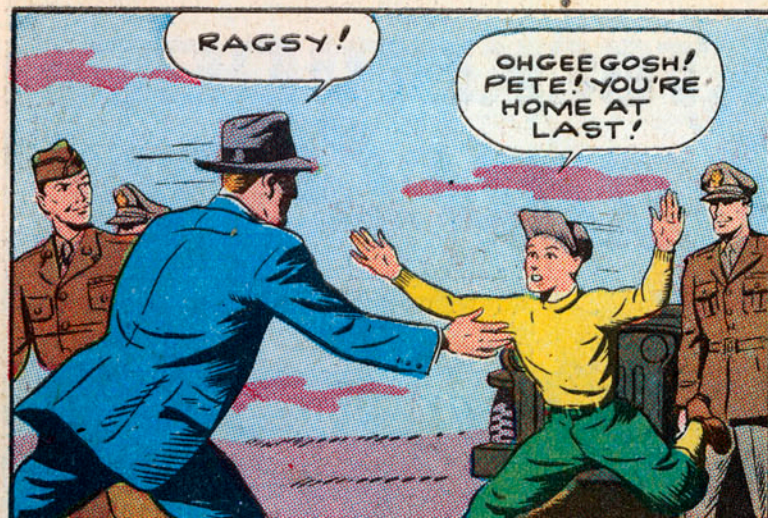
LATER, AT THE AIRPORT---

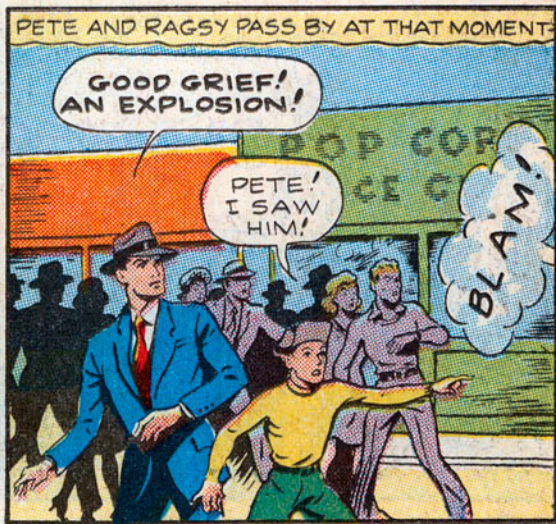
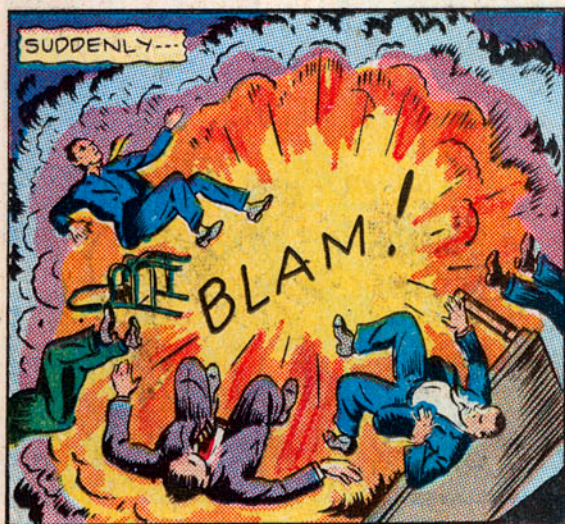
AW, C'MON, LIEUTENANT,
WHAT'S IT ALL
ABOUT?

WATCH THE
TRANSPORT
COMING IN,
KID!



GOOD MARKS WILL COUNT WHEN THE WAR IS WON
FOR THERE'LL BE PROOF OF A JOB WELL DONE







WHOEVER IT IS, IS OUT TO KILL US FOR NOT GIVING IN TO HIS DEMANDS! POOR NELSON WAS KILLED INSTANTLY!

I'LL QUESTION THE OTHERS!



YOU WERE VERY FORTUNATE, MISTER GERARD!

YES! I WAS IN THE OTHER ROOM WHEN THE BOMB WAS THROWN!



WHAT'S THE MATTER, RAGSY?

LOOK AT THIS STUFF! IT MUST'VE COME OFF THE BOMB THROWER'S FACE!

IT'S GREASE PAINT! HMM! STAY HERE, KID!



SOME OF THESE FUN HOUSES HAVE CLOWNS IN THEM... I'LL TRY THE DRESSING ROOM!



HMM! SOMEONE JUST PUT THAT CIGARETTE OUT! IT'S STILL SMOLDERING!



THIS IS A GOOD ENTRANCE FOR THE CHAMELEON!

DISGUISED AS A CLOWN, THE CHAMELEON ENTERS THE ARENA ---

HA! NOW TO CREATE SUSPICION!



AS THE ACT CLOSES--

ONE OF THEM IS WISE! GOOD! HE'S GOING TO THE DRESSING ROOM!



LISSEN! YOU DIDN'T HIRE A NEW CLOWN, DID YOU? SOMETHING FUNNY'S GOIN' ON HERE! SURE---BE RIGHT OVER!



HUH--LISTENIN' IN, EH, SNOOPER?

SURE--ESPECIALLY WHERE MURDER IS CONCERNED!



BACK! STAND BACK!

WHY DON'T YOU SHOOT?



I WARNED YOU!

OW-W!

CLUNK



WHY, YOU YELLOW RAT!



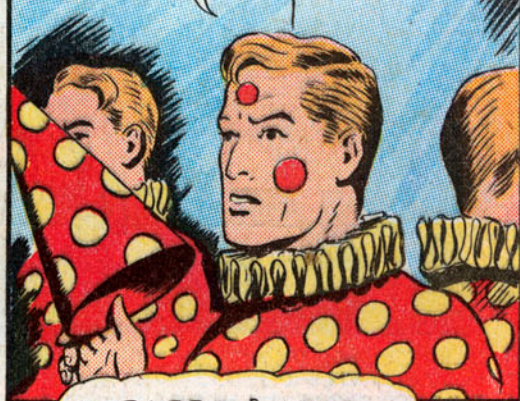
THE CHAMELEON FOLLOWS THE CLOWN INTO THE MIRROR MAZE---

YEOW! THESE MIRRORS PUT HIM ALL OVER THE PLACE!

HA HA HA!



HE'S GONE! BUT HE WAS ON HIS WAY TO SEE SOMEONE AND MR. PRICE CAN TELL ME WHO!



GERARD, EH? AND HE WAS THE ONLY ONE NOT HURT IN THE BLAST!

WHERE'S HIS OFFICE?

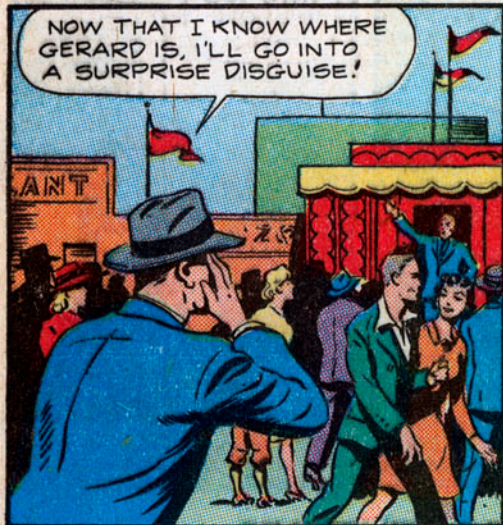


ONE MOMENT, MR. PRICE! WHO OWNS THE FUN HOUSE AND WHERE IS HE?

MR. GERARD, HE'S AT HIS OFFICE! WHY?



NOW THAT I KNOW WHERE GERARD IS, I'LL GO INTO A SURPRISE DISGUISE!

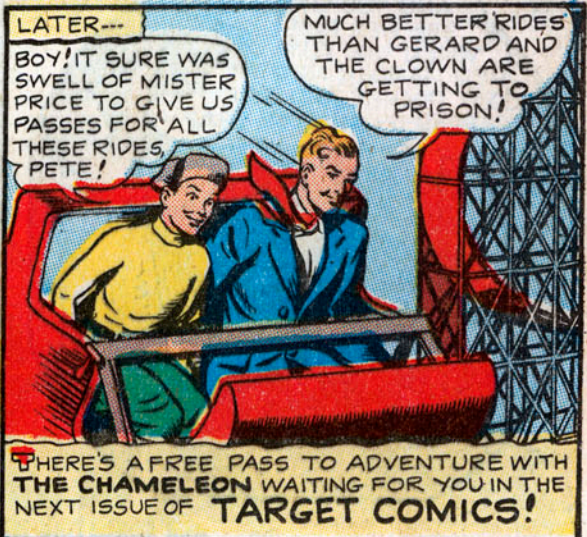
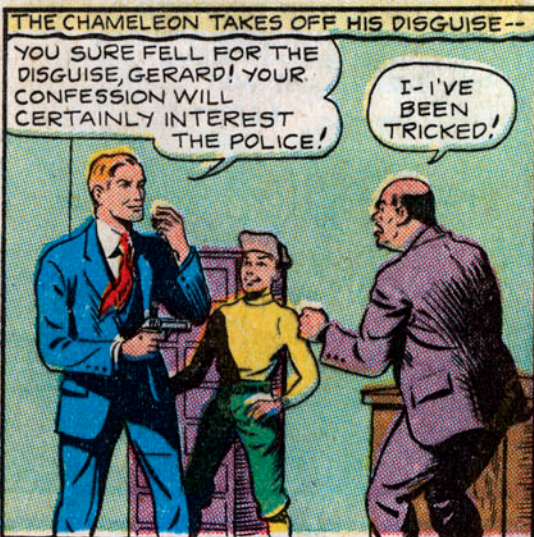


IN DISGUISE, THE CHAMELEON DASHES INTO GERARD'S OFFICE, ASSUMING MR. PRICE'S VOICE--

GERARD! SO IT WAS YOU WHO WAS OUT TO KILL US ALL!

PRICE! I-I THOUGHT--



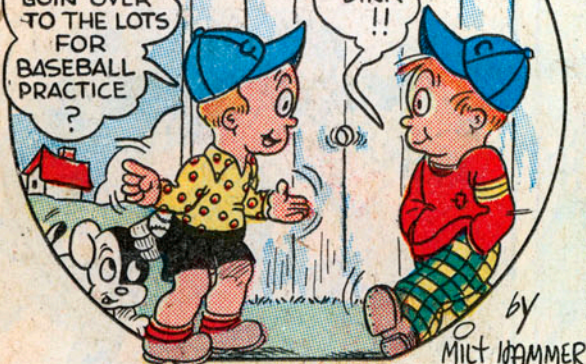


THERE'S A FREE PASS TO ADVENTURE WITH THE CHAMELEON WAITING FOR YOU IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF **TARGET COMICS!**

DINK.

HI, JONESY--
GOIN' OVER
TO THE LOTS
FOR
BASEBALL
PRACTICE
?

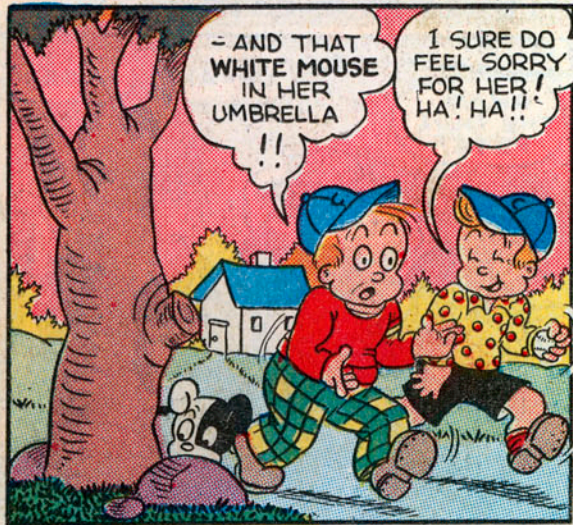
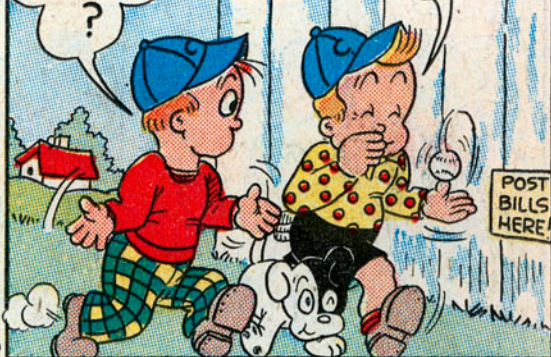
YEAH,
DINK
!!



by
MILT HAMMER

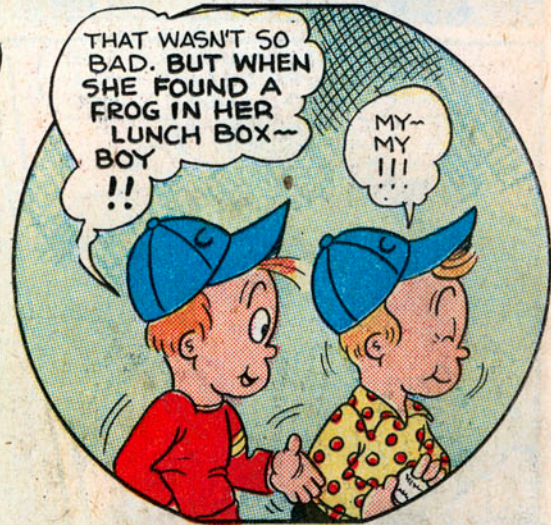
SAY, DID YOU HEAR
ABOUT THAT
TURTLE OUR
TEACHER FOUND
IN HER DESK
TODAY
?

UH-HUH!
TEE HEE
!!



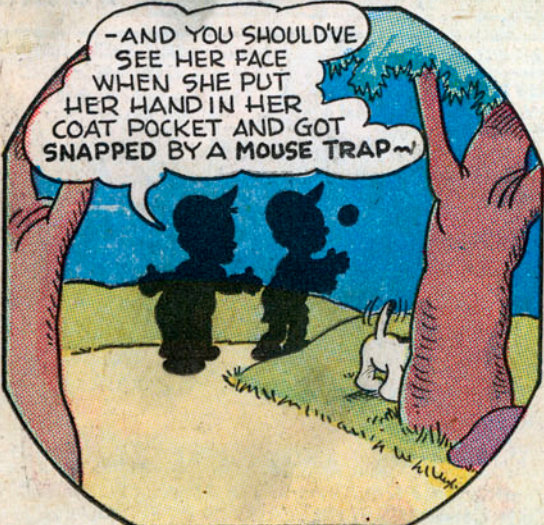
- AND THAT
WHITE MOUSE
IN HER
UMBRELLA
!!

I SURE DO
FEEL SORRY
FOR HER!
HA! HA!!



THAT WASN'T SO
BAD. BUT WHEN
SHE FOUND A
FROG IN HER
LUNCH BOX--
BOY
!!

MY--
MY
!!!



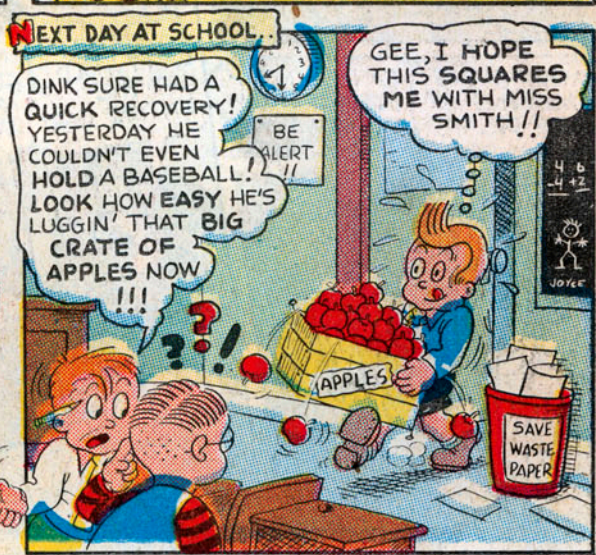
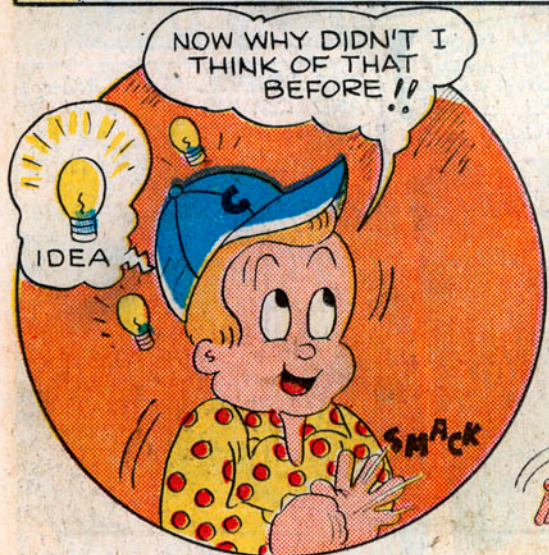
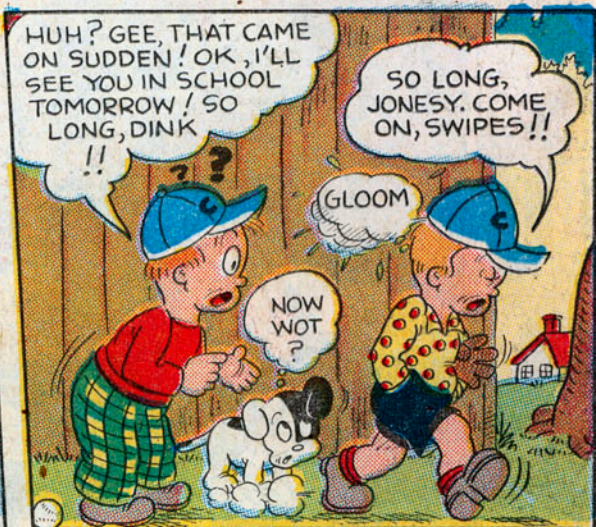
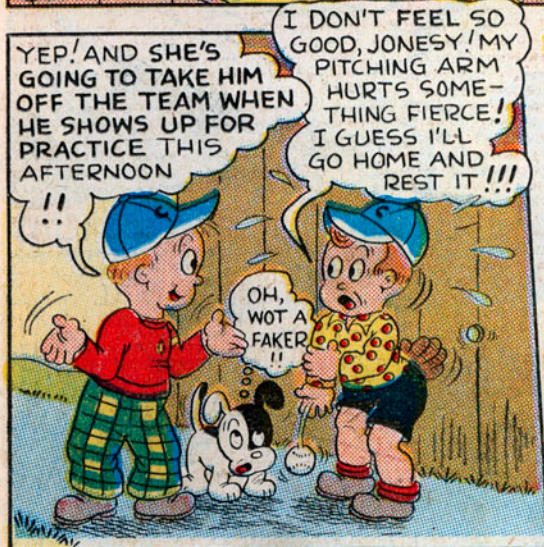
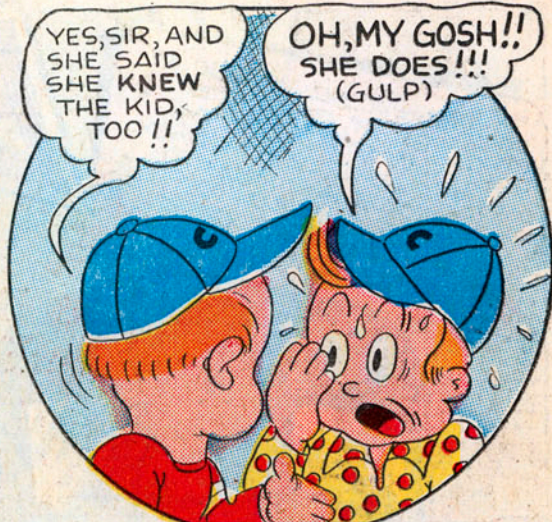
-AND YOU SHOULD'VE
SEE HER FACE
WHEN SHE PUT
HER HAND IN HER
COAT POCKET AND GOT
SNAPPED BY A MOUSE TRAP~



BUT WHEN THAT PAPER BAG
FULL OF WATER DROPPED ON
HER FROM THE WINDOW AND
GOT HER BRAND NEW
DRESS ALL WET
!!!

TEE
HEE

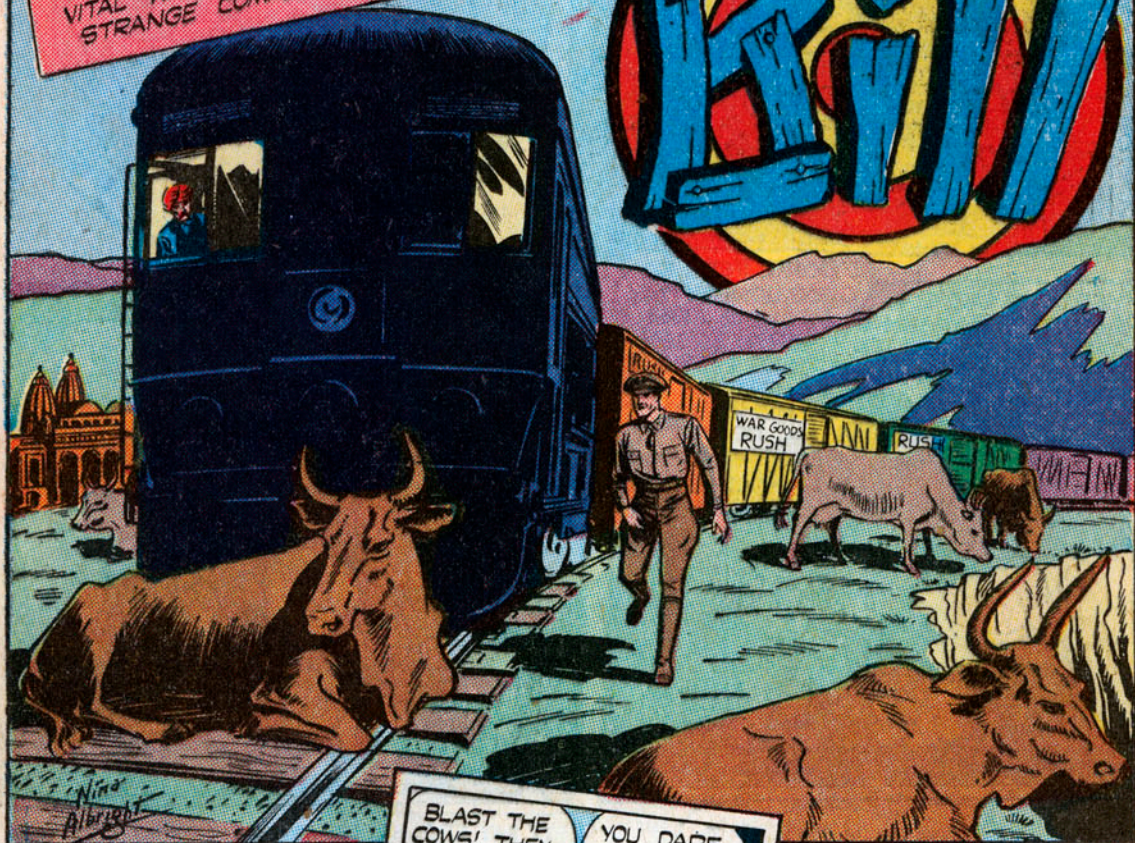
OUR EDUCATION WE CAN'T SHIRK
LET'S ALL PREPARE FOR FUTURE WORK



WASTE PAPER AND FATS HELP WIN THE WAR
SO KEEP COLLECTING MORE AND MORE

BULL'S-EYE BILL IS ALSO AN OLD HAND AT ROUNDING UP AMERICAN STEERS, BUT THE SACRED COWS OF INDIA, WHICH CLOG ROADS AND RAILWAYS, BLOCKING THE FLOW OF VITAL WAR GOODS, OFFER STRANGE COMPLICATIONS!

BULL'S-EYE



WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS DELAY?

CAN DO NOTHING, SAHIB, UNTIL COWS MOVE FROM TRACKS!

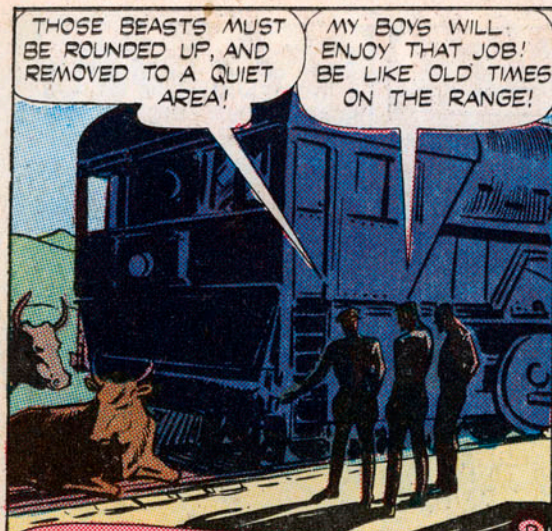
BLAST THE COWS! THEY CAN'T HOLD UP THE ENTIRE WAR!

YOU DARE NOT HARM COWS, SAHIB! ALL INDIA WOULD REBEL!

THE GENERAL IS BOILING-- AND COMING THIS WAY!

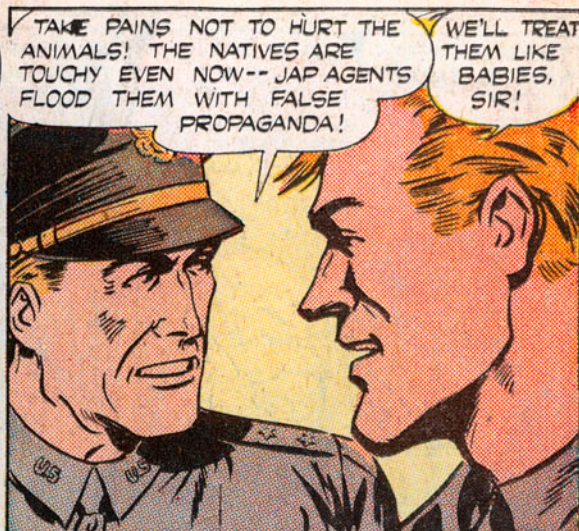
YES, BILL, MAYBE THOSE JAP AGENTS PULLED SOME MORE SABOTAGE!





THOSE BEASTS MUST BE ROUNDED UP, AND REMOVED TO A QUIET AREA!

MY BOYS WILL ENJOY THAT JOB! BE LIKE OLD TIMES ON THE RANGE!



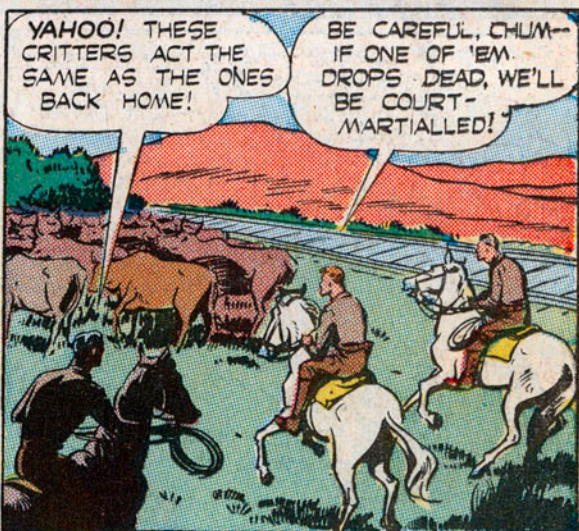
TAKE PAINS NOT TO HURT THE ANIMALS! THE NATIVES ARE TOUCHY EVEN NOW-- JAP AGENTS FLOOD THEM WITH FALSE PROPAGANDA!

WE'LL TREAT THEM LIKE BABIES, SIR!

SOON THE ROUNDUP IS IN FULL SWING!



YIPPEE! THIS MAKES ME KINDA HOME SICK!



YAHOO! THESE CRITTERS ACT THE SAME AS THE ONES BACK HOME!

BE CAREFUL, CHUM-- IF ONE OF 'EM DROPS DEAD, WE'LL BE COURT-MARTIALED!



BUT IN A NEARBY VILLAGE, JAP AGENTS DISTORT THE INTENTION OF THE ROUNDUP!

SEE THE AMERICANS' PLOT! THEY GATHER SACRED BEASTS TO SLAUGHTER THEM!

THEY ARE MOST CRUEL!



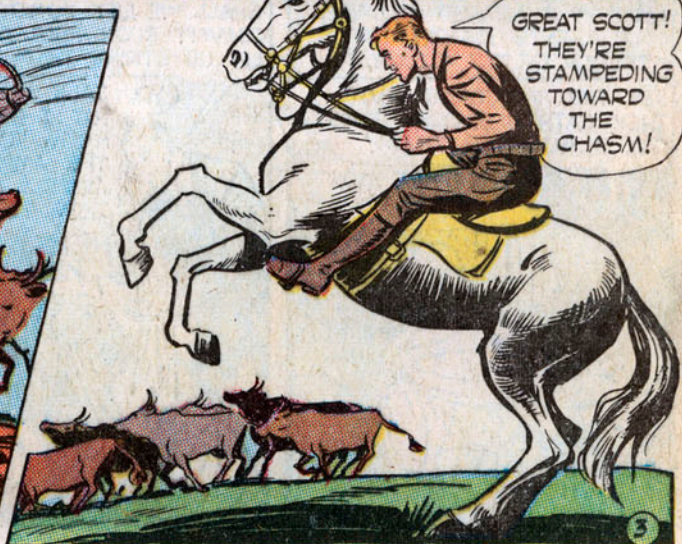
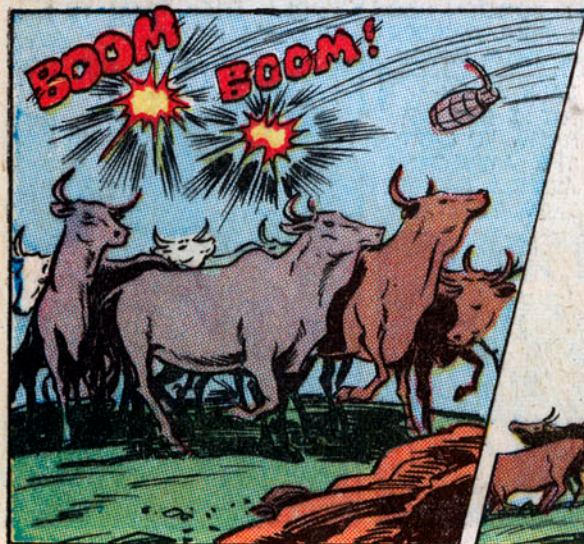
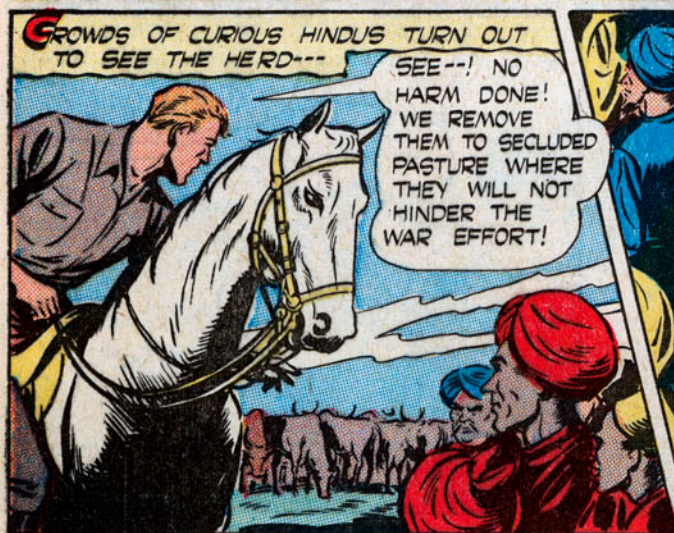
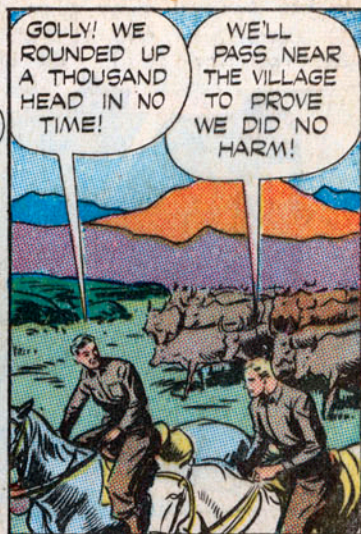
SHALL WE LET FOREIGN DOGS COMMIT SUCH FOUL MURDER? LET US STRIKE THEM DOWN!

YOU TALK MUCH-- BUT I SEE NO HARM TO CATTLE! THE AMERICANS MERELY GATHER THEM TOGETHER!



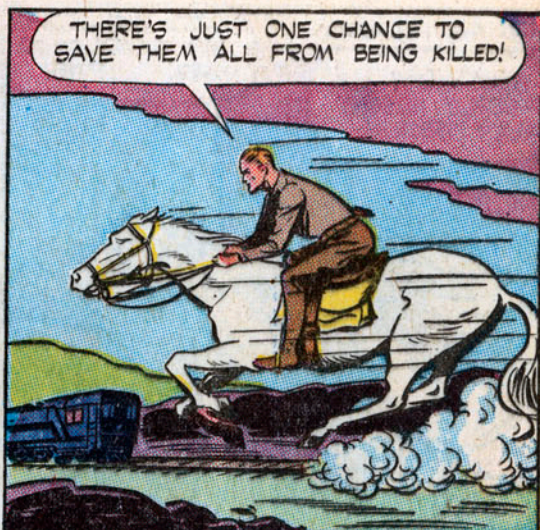
FOOL! THEY PLAN TO KILL ALL AT ONCE!

WE DO NOT BELIEVE IT!





I CAN OUTPACE
THEM, BUT THEY'RE TOO
TERRIFIED TO BE STOPPED!

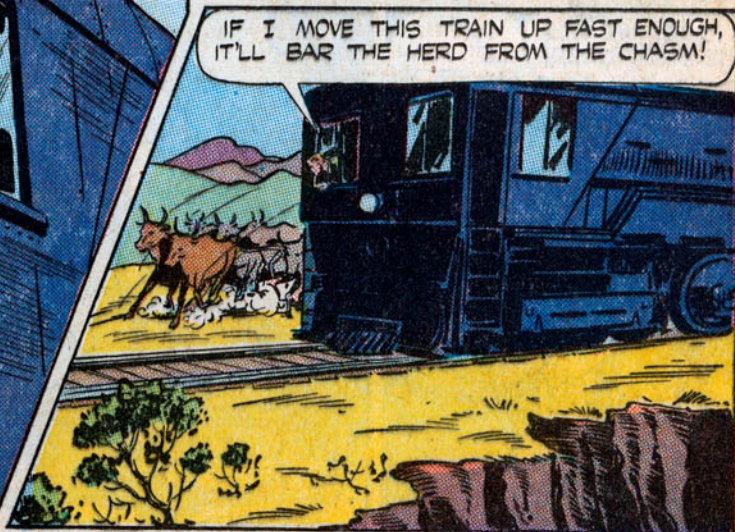


THERE'S JUST ONE CHANCE TO
SAVE THEM ALL FROM BEING KILLED!

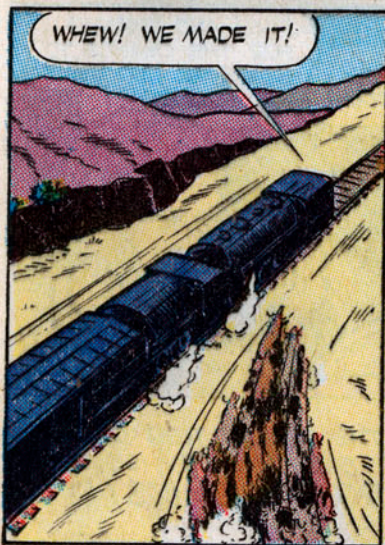


B-222-2-2-

STEP ASIDE, BUD!
THE TRACK'S CLEAR!



IF I MOVE THIS TRAIN UP FAST ENOUGH,
IT'LL BAR THE HERD FROM THE CHASM!



WHEW! WE MADE IT!



WAKE UP, CASEY JONES!
YOU HAVE A JOB TO DO!

НУН?



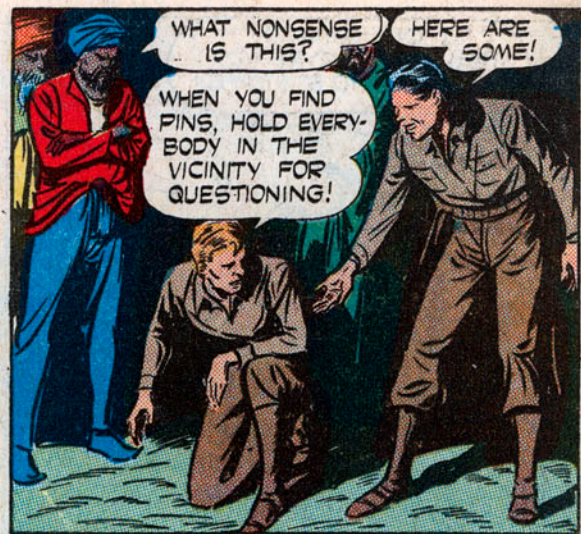
NEAT JOB! BUT THE NATIVES
ARE HET UP--THEY THINK WE
TOSSED THE GRENADES!

IT'S UP TO US TO FIND
OUT WHO DID!



ON THE VILLAGE--

INTO THE CROWD, MEN! SEARCH FOR GRENADE PINS!

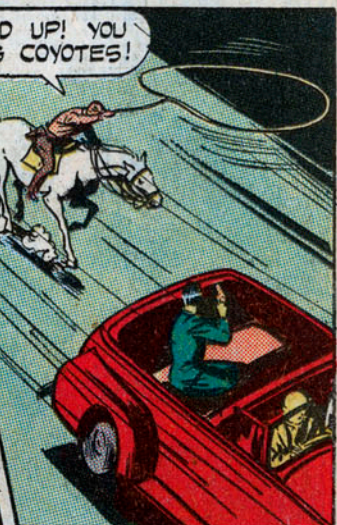
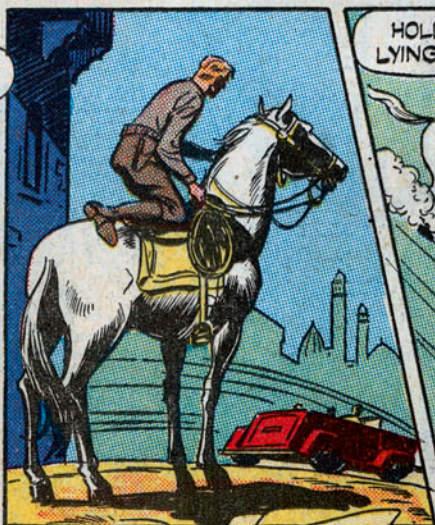


HERE ARE SOME!

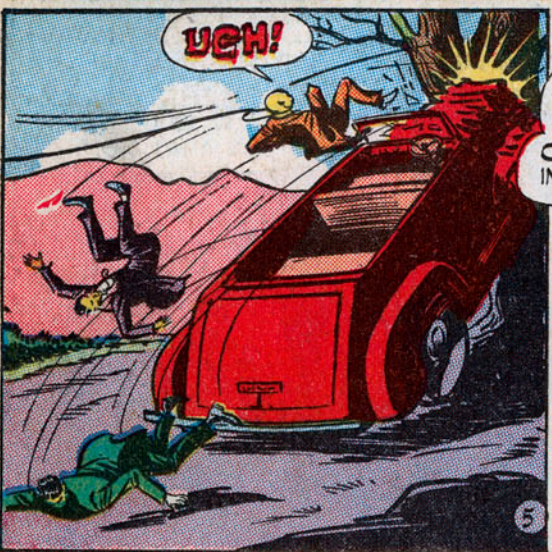
WHEN YOU FIND PINS, HOLD EVERYBODY IN THE VICINITY FOR QUESTIONING!



DON'T LET ANYONE ESCAPE!



HOLD UP! YOU LYING COYOTES!



UGH!



LATER--

APOLOGIES FOR SUSPECTING YOU, CAPTAIN! WE SHALL COOPERATE IN FUTURE!

FINE! AND THANKS FOR THE CHANCE TO STAGE AN OLD TIME ROUNDUP!

FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF BULL'S-EYE BILL IN EVERY ISSUE OF TARGET COMICS!

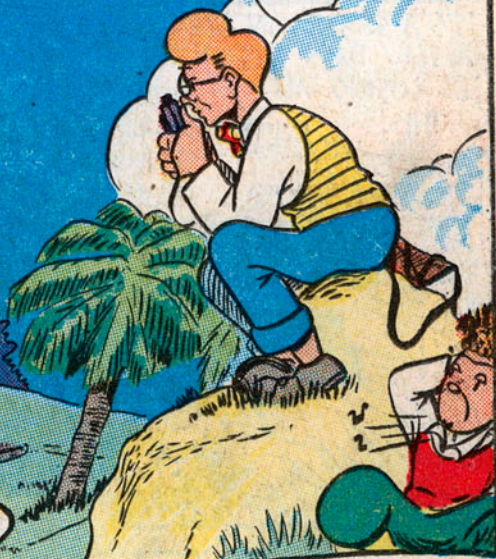
SUPPORT THE NATIONAL WAR FUND PLAN
IT STANDS BEHIND EACH FIGHTING MAN

CANDID

CHARLIE

BY
B. Gordon Guth

CHARLIE AND MERKIN ARE NOW TOURING CUBA TAKING PICTURES. THE BOYS ARE TRYING THEIR BEST TO KEEP OUT OF TROUBLE-- BUT-- WELL-- IT ALL STARTED WITH A GLASS OF WATER --



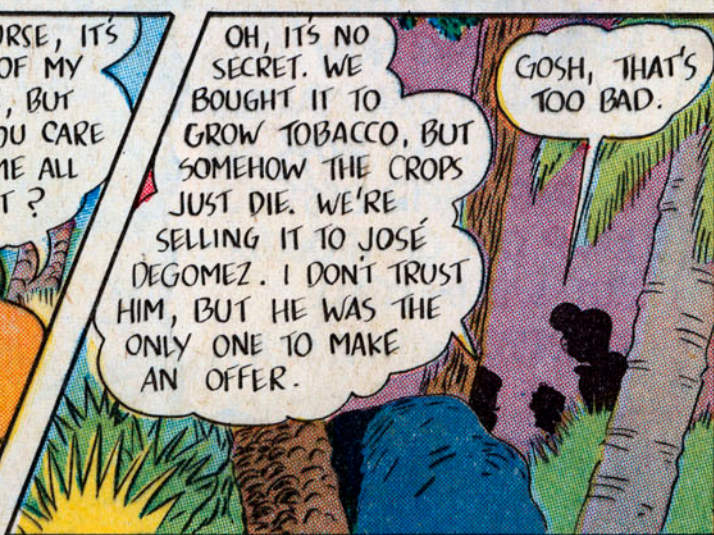
A little later --

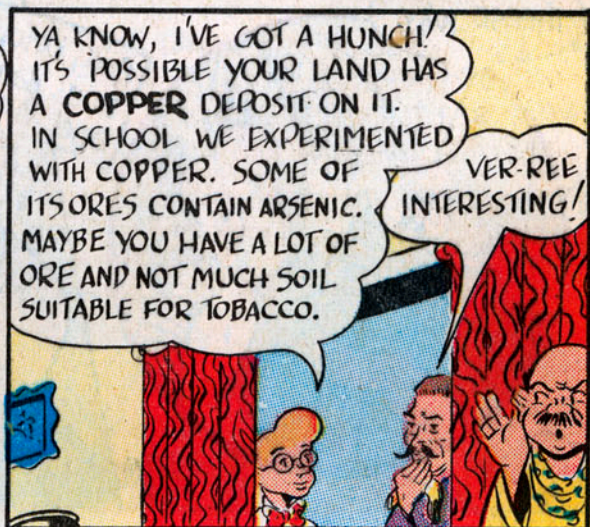
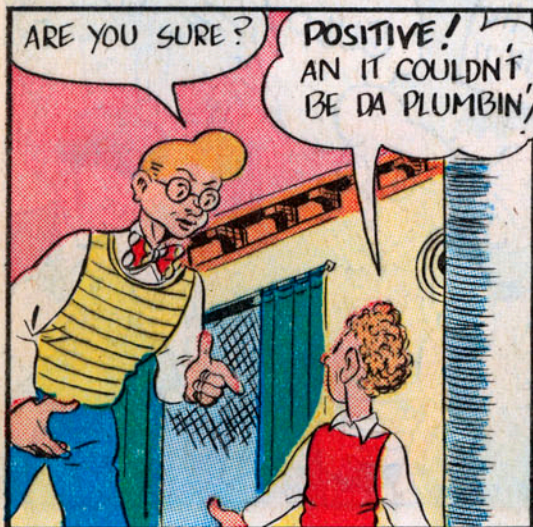
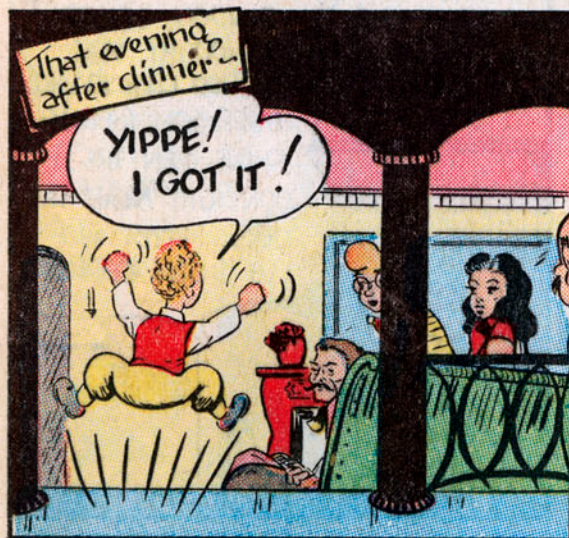
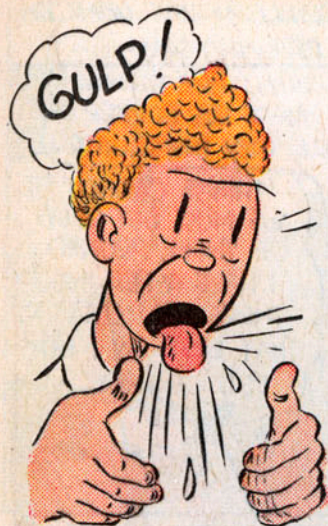
I'M GETTING THIRSTY.

CHEE!
ME, TOO.

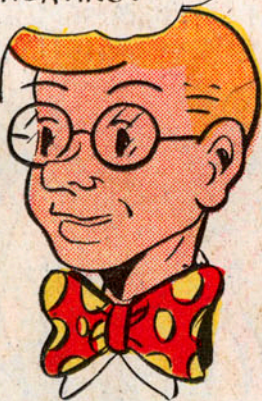
THERE'S A NICE PLACE. MAYBE WE CAN GET A DRINK.

KEEP SCHOOL MARKS HIGH AND YOU WILL SCORE
WITH ALL THE MEN WHO FIGHT THIS WAR

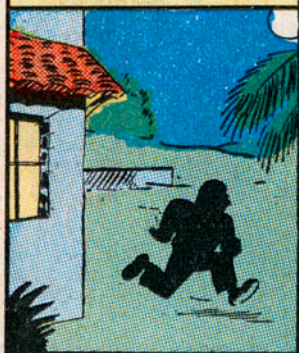




TOMORROW MERKIN AND I WILL DO A LITTLE INVESTIGATING.



MEANWHILE, PEDRO THE SERVANT, RUSHES OUT OF THE HOUSE AFTER OVERHEARING THE CONVERSATION -



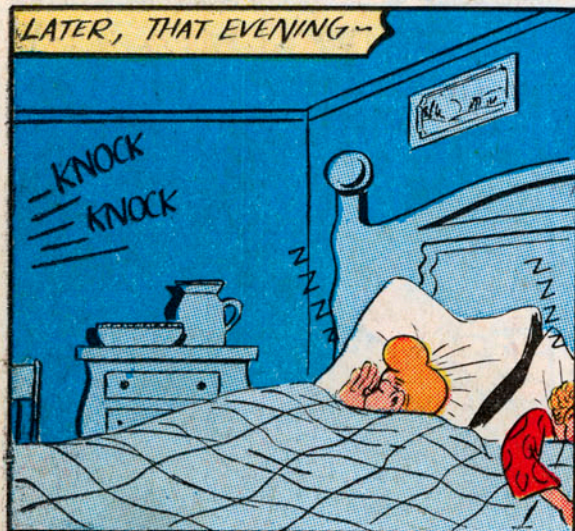
HE ARRIVES AT THE HOME OF JOSÉ DEGOMEZ, AND -

THESE BOYS, THEY THINK MAYBE THERE EES COPPER MAÑANA THEY INVESTIGATE.

THESE CANNOT BE. WE MUST GET REED OF THEM, PRONTO. I HAVE A FEELING THERE EES COPPER. THAT EES WHY I BUY EET.

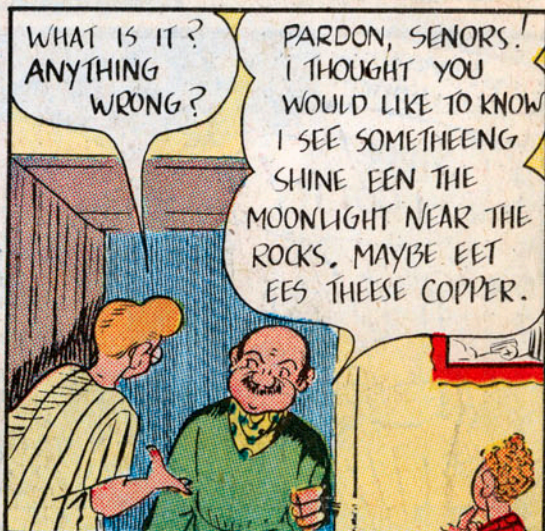


LATER, THAT EVENING -



WHAT IS IT? ANYTHING WRONG?

PARDON, SENORS! I THOUGHT YOU WOULD LIKE TO KNOW I SEE SOMETHING SHINE EEN THE MOONLIGHT NEAR THE ROCKS. MAYBE EET EES THESE COPPER.

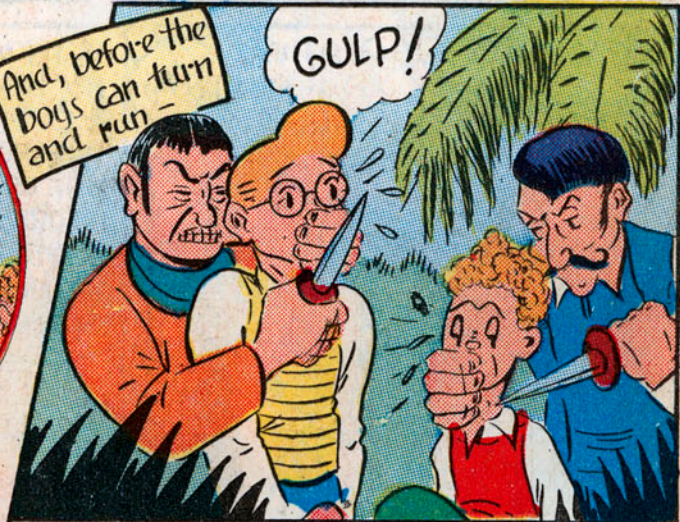


THESE WAY.



And, before the boys can turn and run -

GULP!





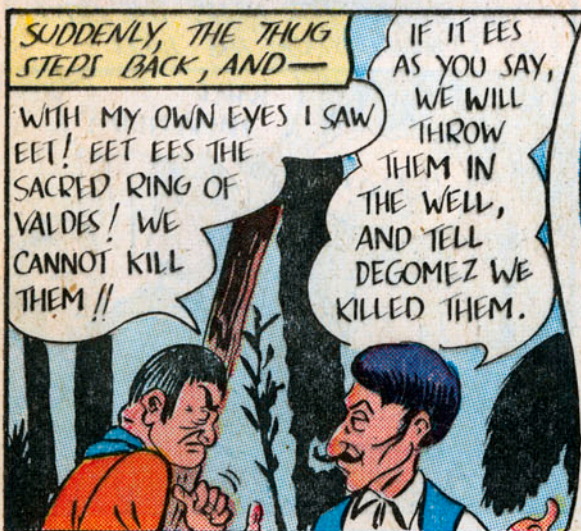
PLEASE, BELIEVE ME. I AM VERY SORRY FOR THEESE. YOU KNOW TOO MUCH ABOUT THEESE COPPER. EET EES NECESSARY THAT YOU BE ELIMINATED.



TAKE THEM BEHIND THE TREE, AND CUT THEIR THROATS.



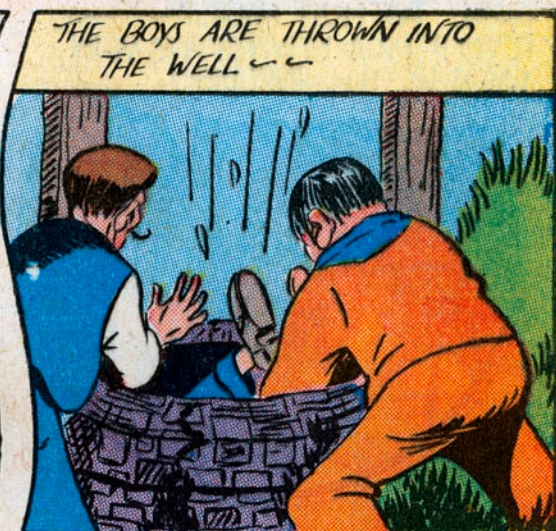
PLEASE! MUST YOU DO THIS? CAN'T WE JUST LEAVE?



SUDDENLY, THE THUG STEPS BACK, AND—

WITH MY OWN EYES I SAW EET! EET EES THE SACRED RING OF VALDES! WE CANNOT KILL THEM!!

IF IT EES AS YOU SAY, WE WILL THROW THEM IN THE WELL, AND TELL DEGOMEZ WE KILLED THEM.



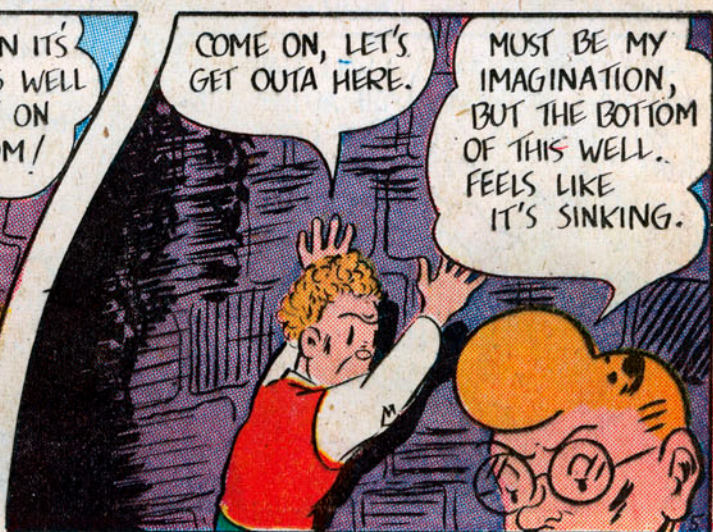
THE BOYS ARE THROWN INTO THE WELL —



Next Morning—

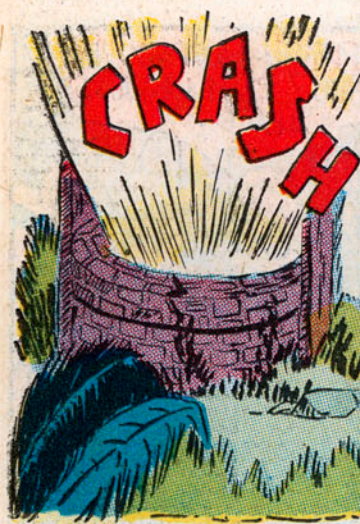
GOSH! IT'S LUCKY THIS WELL WAS DRY.

YEAH! AN IT'S LUCKY DIS WELL WUZ SOFT ON DA BOTTOM!



COME ON, LET'S GET OUTA HERE.

MUST BE MY IMAGINATION, BUT THE BOTTOM OF THIS WELL.. FEELS LIKE IT'S SINKING.



LOOK! WE FELL INTO AN ABANDONED MINE!



CHARLIE! LOOK AT THAT SHINY STUFF, WHERE WE FELL THROUGH!



GOSH! WE MUST HAVE OPENED UP A NEW COPPER VEIN WHEN WE FELL THROUGH!



AFTER YELLING FOR HELP, THE BOYS ARE RESCUED FROM THE WELL -

HELLO!

WHAT HAPPENED?

CHARLIE TELLS HIS STORY -

AND I DON'T THINK YOU HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT TOBACCO. THAT COPPER VEIN SHOULD TAKE CARE OF EVERYTHING.

I WILL HAVE THE AUTHORITIES TAKE CARE OF THESE DEGOMEZ. I AM IN DEBT TO YOU AND YOUR COUNTRY FOR THIS SERVICE. FET SHALL NOT BE FORGOTTEN!

CHEE! WHY DIDN'T DOSE GUYS KILL US? DA BIG BOSS TOLE 'EM TO. MAYBE DEY SAW DAT RING DA CABBIE GAVE YA IN HAVANA!

AW! THAT STUFF IS IN STORY BOOKS. DON'T TELL ME YOU BELIEVE IT!

THEY CONTINUE ON THEIR JOURNEY, AND CHARLIE STILL DOESN'T REALIZE THE POWER THE RING POSSESSES!

STUDY HARD. BEFORE YOU KNOW IT, HIGHER MARKS WILL SURELY SHOW IT

HAVE YOU HEARD

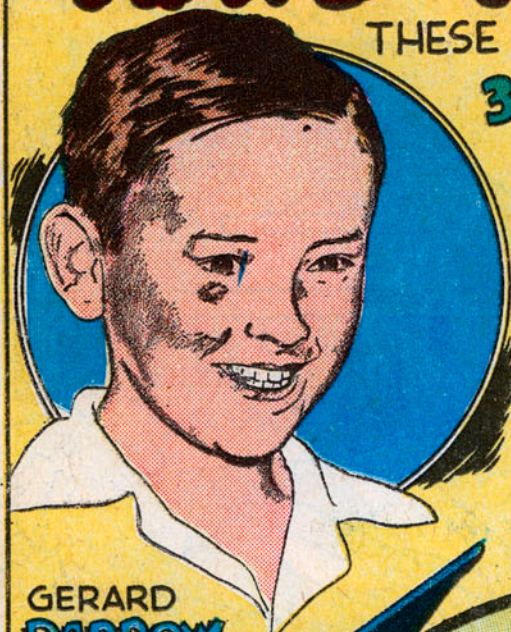
THESE YOUNG RADIO STARS??

3 OF RADIO'S
FAMOUS
**QUIZ
KIDS!**

HEARD EVERY
SUNDAY EVENING
OVER THE
AMERICAN
BROADCASTING
CO...

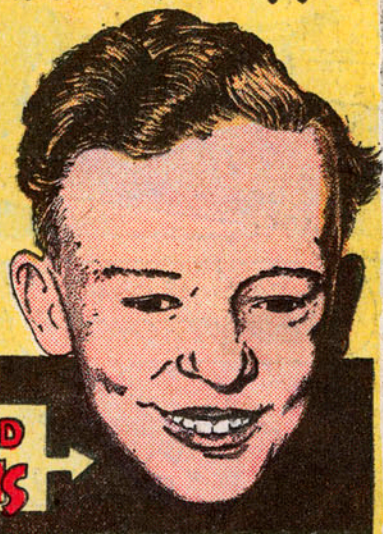
15 YEAR OLD

**RICHARD
WILLIAMS**



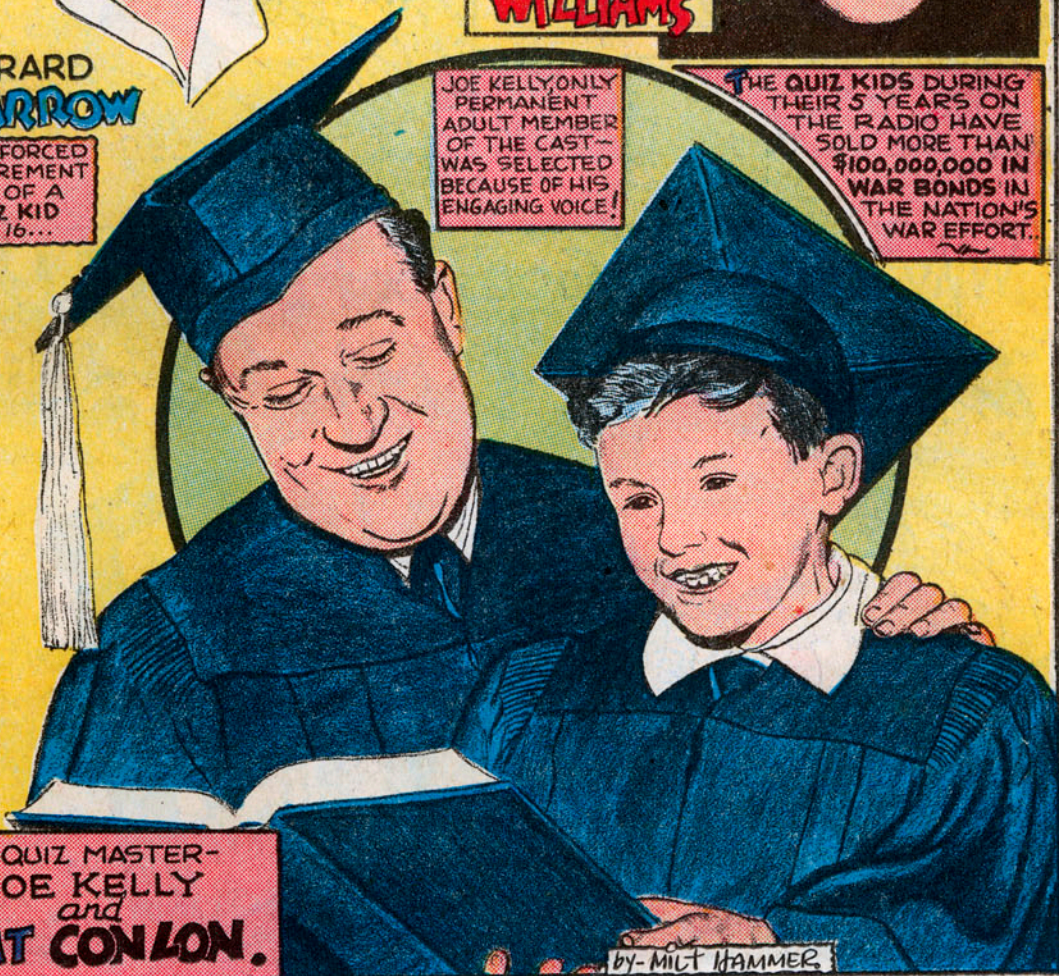
GERARD
DARROW

THE "FORCED
RETIREMENT
AGE" OF A
QUIZ KID
IS 16...



JOE KELLY, ONLY
PERMANENT
ADULT MEMBER
OF THE CAST—
WAS SELECTED
BECAUSE OF HIS
ENGAGING VOICE!

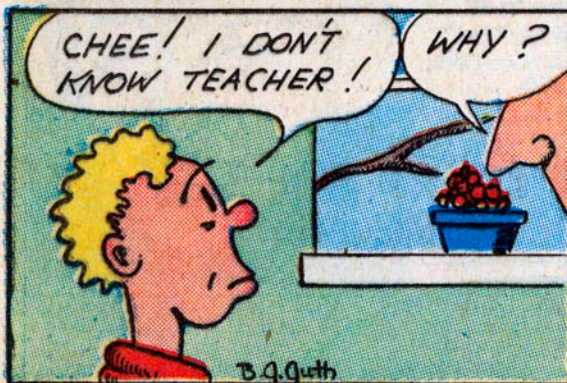
THE QUIZ KIDS DURING
THEIR 5 YEARS ON
THE RADIO HAVE
SOLD MORE THAN
\$100,000,000 IN
WAR BONDS IN
THE NATION'S
WAR EFFORT.



-QUIZ MASTER-
JOE KELLY
and
PAT CONLON.

by-MILT HAMMER

SCHOOL DAYS.



THE TARGET and the TARGETEERS



WHAT AMERICAN CAN FORGET BATAAN? IN THIS STORY, **TARGET** AND THE **TARGETEERS** MEET A STRANGE AND THRILLING ADVENTURE ON THE HALLOWED SOIL OF BATAAN---

A YANK-HELD ISLAND ON THE ROAD TO TOKYO---LAST YEAR.

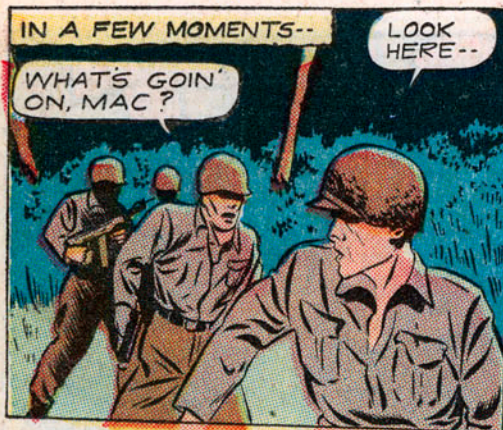


THE SOLDIER FINDS----

A MAN! CORPORAL OF THE GUARD! POST NUMBER ONE! CORPORAL OF THE GUARD! POST NUMBER ONE!



BACK THE NATIONAL WAR FUND CAMPAIGN



IN A FEW MOMENTS--

WHAT'S GOIN' ON, MAC?

LOOK HERE--

HE'S A CASE FOR THE PILL ROLLERS! SAAY! HE AIN'T NO SLANT EYE! THIS GUY LOOKS LIKE A YANK!

THE MEDICS TAKE OVER AND SOON---

NURSE, THIS IS A CASE OF COMPLETE EXHAUSTION! HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT IN A DAY OR SO, BUT THERE IS ONE THING PECULIAR ABOUT THIS MAN!

WHAT IS THAT, SIR?



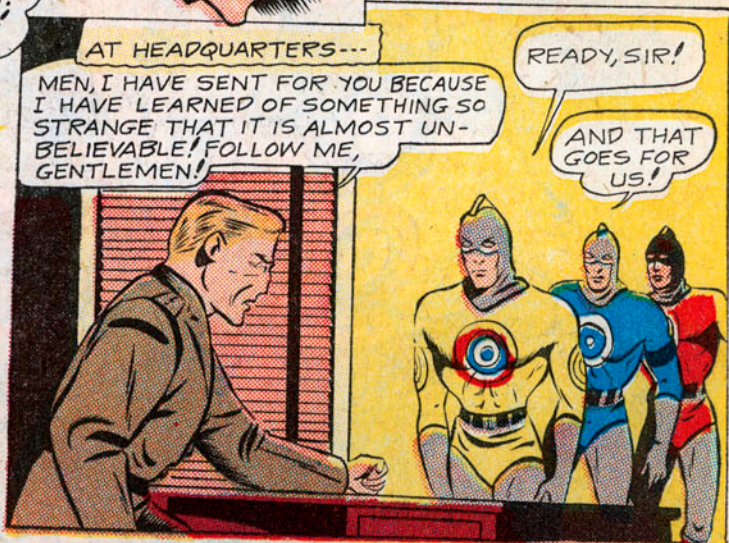
HIS PAPERS IDENTIFY HIM AS A MEMBER OF THE -TH. INFANTRY! THAT COMPANY WAS -- I'LL BE BACK LATER, NURSE!

AT HEADQUARTERS---

MEN, I HAVE SENT FOR YOU BECAUSE I HAVE LEARNED OF SOMETHING SO STRANGE THAT IT IS ALMOST UNBELIEVABLE! FOLLOW ME, GENTLEMEN!

READY, SIR!

AND THAT GOES FOR US!



IN THE HOSPITAL---

PLEASE TELL THESE GENTLEMEN WHO YOU ARE!

YES, SIR! STAFF SERGEANT JACK CARPENTER, CO. D, -TH. INFANTRY!



THE OUTFIT--

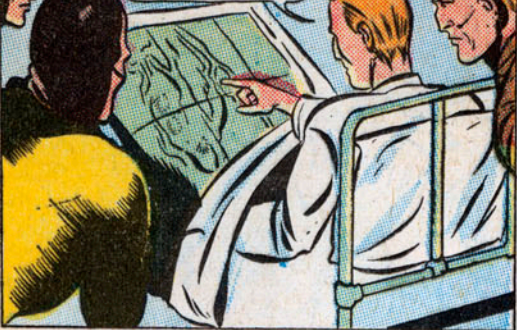
THAT WAS WIPED OUT--

ON BATAAN, THREE YEARS AGO!



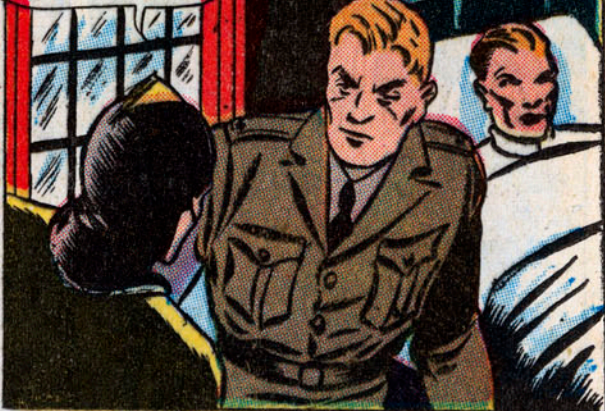
CARPENTER TELLS HIS STORY---

WELL, SIR, AFTER THE SURRENDER, SOME OF US TOOK TO THE HILLS. WE WERE JOINED BY FILIPINO SCOUTS AND HAVE BEEN CARRYING ON FROM THERE! WE'VE ARMED AND FED OURSELVES FROM JAP STORES, BUT NOW WE'RE SHORT OF MEDICAL SUPPLIES! THAT'S WHY I'M HERE! AT PRESENT, THE GUERRILLAS ARE AT THIS PLACE!



COLONEL, MAY I HAVE YOUR PERMISSION TO CONTACT THESE MEN AND BRING THEM THE NECESSARY SUPPLIES?

OF COURSE!



EVENTS MOVE QUICKLY, AND SOON---

MEN, WE WANT SIX VOLUNTEERS! I CAN'T TELL YOU WHAT IT IS, BUT I SAY IT WILL HELP AVENGE BATAAN!



THE COLONEL MEETS A PROBLEM---

WELL!

WE CAN'T TAKE 'EM ALL, SIR!

PLEASE, SIR!



BUT, ALL THE VOLUNTEERS CAN'T GO, SO---

YOU MEN HAVE BEEN CHOSEN FOR YOUR ABILITY AS SOLDIERS! YOU HAVE A BIG JOB! WE ARE GOING TO BATAAN TO CONTACT A GUERRILLA FORCE! ARE YOU READY? LET'S GO!



IN THE EARLY MORNING, A GIANT TRANSPORT PLANE IS LOADED WITH SUPPLIES--

GOODBYE-- GOOD LUCK! THE SUBMARINE WILL BE READY TO TAKE YOU OFF IN TEN HOURS! DON'T FORGET THE SIGNAL!

NO, SIR! THREE SHORT BLINKS FROM OUR SIGNAL LIGHT!



A FEW HOURS LATER--

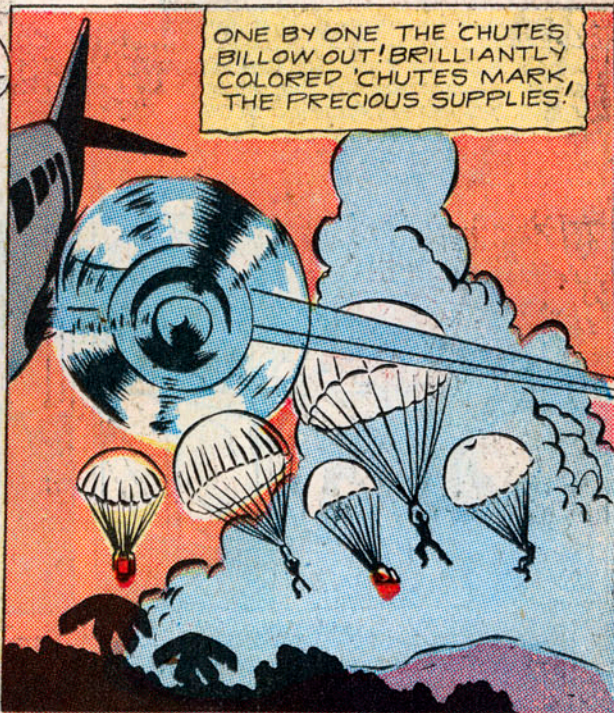
WORD HAS JUST COME OVER THE INTER-COM! THIS IS IT! I'LL JUMP FIRST!

GOOD LUCK! DAVE AND I WILL FOLLOW!

AND WE'LL BE RIGHT AFTER YOU, SIR!



ONE BY ONE THE 'CHUTES BILLOW OUT! BRILLIANTLY COLORED 'CHUTES MARK THE PRECIOUS SUPPLIES!



IN A MATTER OF MINUTES THE MEN GET TO WORK---

LET'S GET THE STUFF HIDDEN, AND WE'LL START!

RIGHT, SIR!



THE SUPPLIES CACHED, TARGET AND HIS BOYS START THE TREK THROUGH THE JUNGLE---

HOLD IT! THERE'S A VILLAGE AHEAD!

THIS CALLS FOR RECONNAISSANCE-- KEEP ME COVERED!



CAUTIOUSLY, NILES CREEPS TO WHERE HE CAN GET A GOOD VIEW OF THE VILLAGE---

BOY--LOOK AT 'EM ALL CROWDED UP--ONE GOOD BURST FROM A MACHINE GUN WOULD CAUSE ENOUGH CONFUSION SO WE COULD RUSH 'EM!



RETURNING TO HIS BAND, NILES OUTLINES A PLAN OF ATTACK---

TOM, YOU TAKE TWO MEN ON THE RIGHT FLANK, I'LL HIT 'EM FROM THE FRONT WITH TWO MEN! DAVE, YOU WAIT HERE TILL YOU HEAR MY TOMMY GUN, THEN HIT THEM FROM THE REAR!

LET'S GET STARTED!





WITH THE JAPS DESTROYED--
THE NATIVES CREEP OUT
OF HIDING---

YOU HAVE DEALT WELL
WITH THE SONS OF
FILTH--I, JUAN DIAZ,
SALUTE YOU! I WOULD
LIKE TO JOIN YOU!

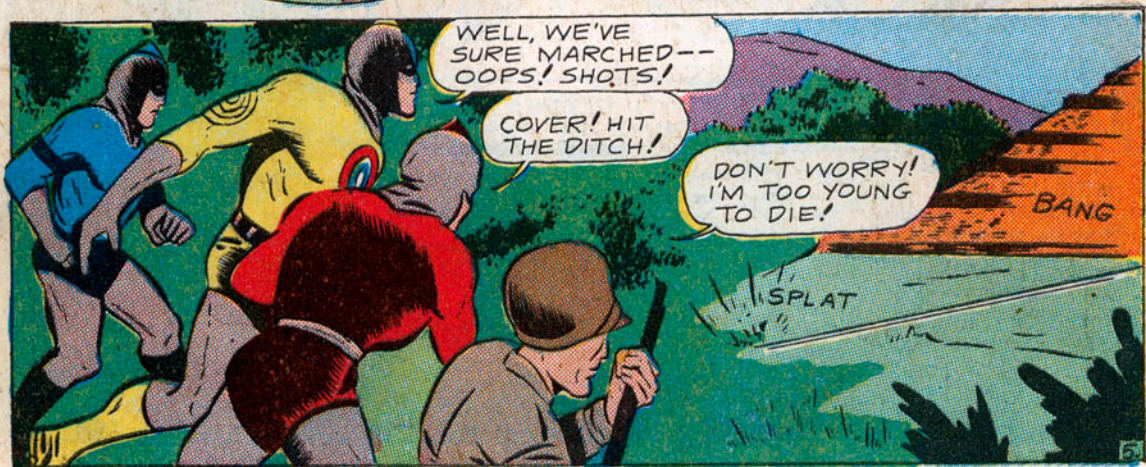
WE ARE LOOKING
FOR A BAND OF
AMERICAN GUERRILLAS
NOT FAR FROM HERE!

AH, YES--
WE KNOW! WE
HAVE FED THEM!
I'LL SHOW
YOU WHERE
THEY ARE!

THE NATIVE GUIDES TARGET AND
HIS MEN---

SOON WE
ARE THERE--
IT IS NOT
FAR!

WHEW! IT'S
HOT! I'M GLAD
WE'RE NEAR
THE SPOT!



OUT OF THE JUNGLE STEPS--

HOLY COW-
YANKS!

GREAT SCOTT!
IT'S THE
GUERRILLAS!

WE'VE BROUGHT YOU
SUPPLIES, AMMUNITION,
FOOD AND MEDICINE!
BUT YOU CAN COME
BACK WITH US!

WE REMAIN
HERE, SIR! ALL
WE ASK IS FOR
YOU TO TAKE
BACK THE SICK
AND WOUNDED!

YOU SEE, WE FIGURE THE BOYS'LL
BE BACK AGAIN, AND WE'VE GOT A BIG
DEBT TO GET RUBBED OUT! WE WANT
TO PAY THE NIPS IN FULL, SO WE'LL
STICK! WHEN YOU BOYS COME BACK,
WE'LL BE HERE TO GUIDE YOU!

ON THE APPOINTED NIGHT, THEY
LEAVE THE GUERRILLAS TO MAKE
A RENDEZVOUS WITH THE SUB---

WE'RE
READY,
SIR!

GUESS
THIS IS
IT!

SEE YOU SOON!
WE'LL BE WAITING
FOR YOU!

SO, THEY LEAVE THE BRAVE
AMERICANS OF BATAAN--

YES--THEY'LL
SEE US
SOON!

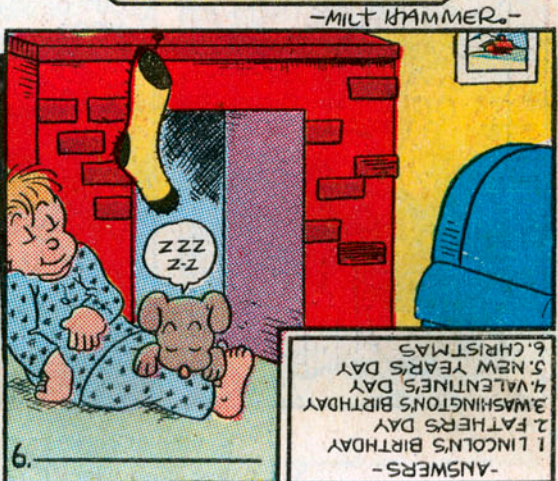
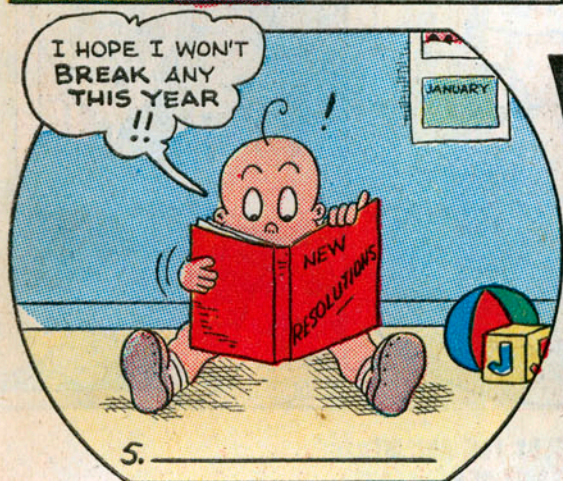
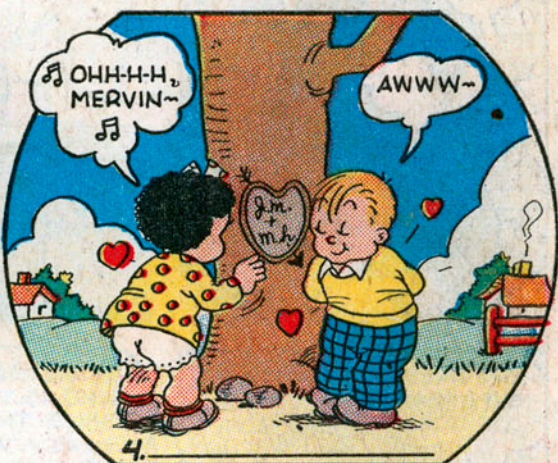
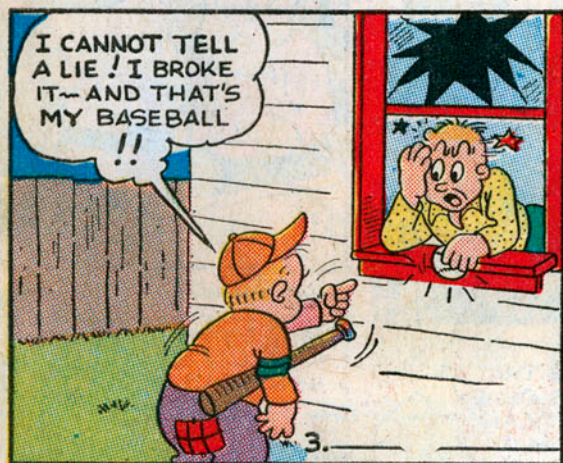
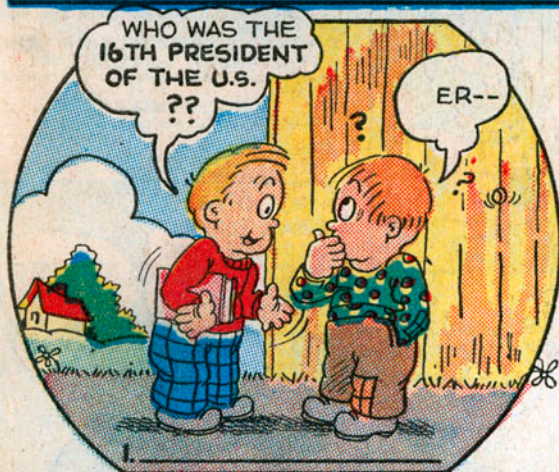
WITH PLANES AND
TANKS AND GUNS!

AND WE'LL DRIVE
THE JAPS INTO
THE OCEAN!

THE WAR STAMPS BOUGHT BY YOU AND ME
CAN SINK JAPAN BENEATH THE SEA

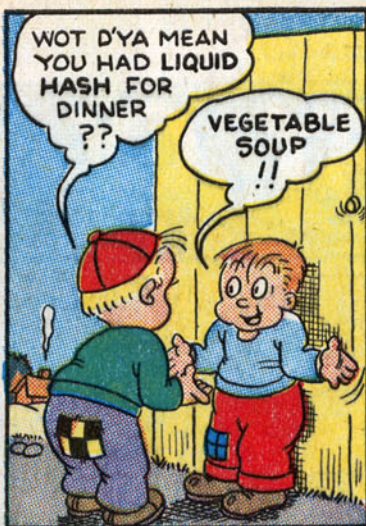
HOLIDAY QUIZ

WITHOUT PEEKING AT THE ANSWERS, CAN YOU IDENTIFY THE HOLIDAYS OR SPECIAL DAYS PICTURED IN THE 6 CARTOONS BELOW??



- ANSWERS-
- 1 LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY
 - 2 FATHER'S DAY
 - 3 WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY
 - 4 VALENTINE'S DAY
 - 5 NEW YEAR'S DAY
 - 6 CHRISTMAS

-MILT HAMMER-



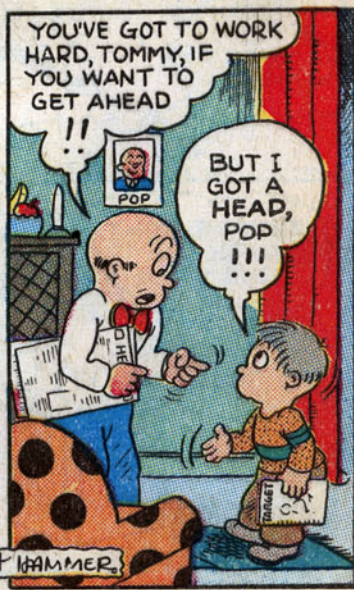
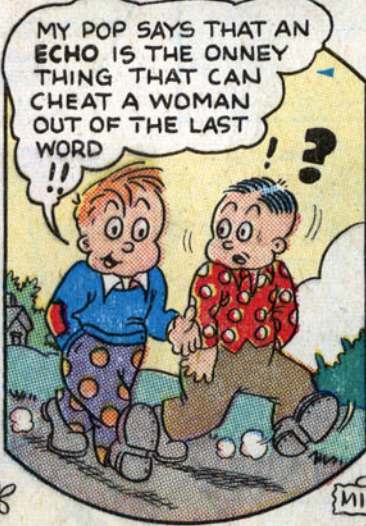
Have you met Dick Cole's cousin, Kingston Cole, Jr.? If you haven't, try your nearest newsstand on November 14th for a copy of the second issue of the new detective comic, **YOUNG KING COLE**. They sell fast—so get there early.

TRICKY MATCHBOX

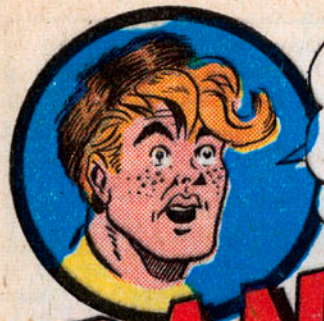
Place it on the back of your hand and say the Magic Word and Lo and behold
IT TURNS COMPLETELY AROUND!
IT STANDS! IT OPENS!
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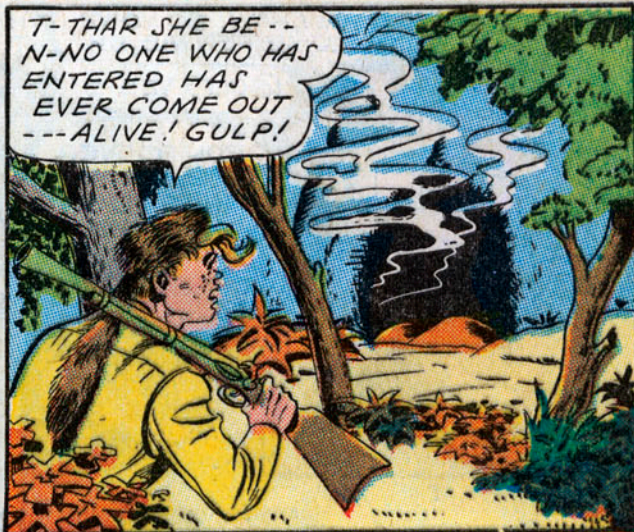
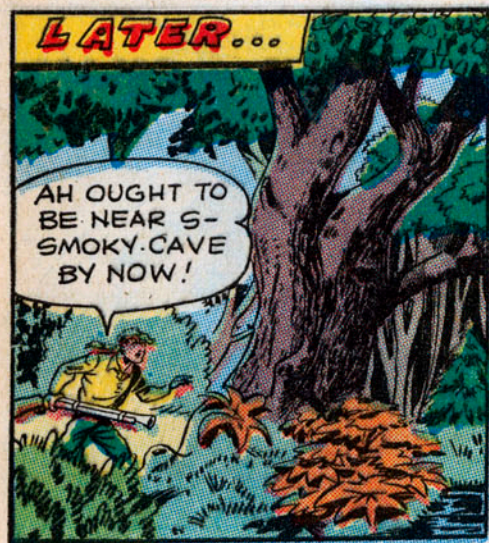
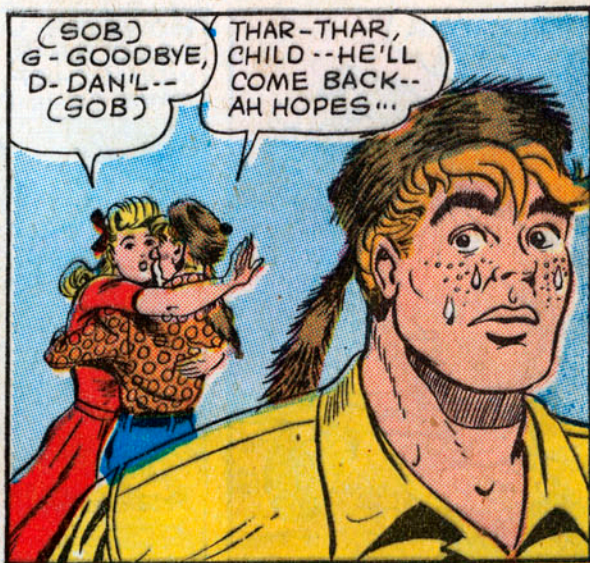


GORSH!
AH DOESN'T
WANT T' DIE!
AH CAIN'T
GO AFTER
DOODLE
NOHOW!

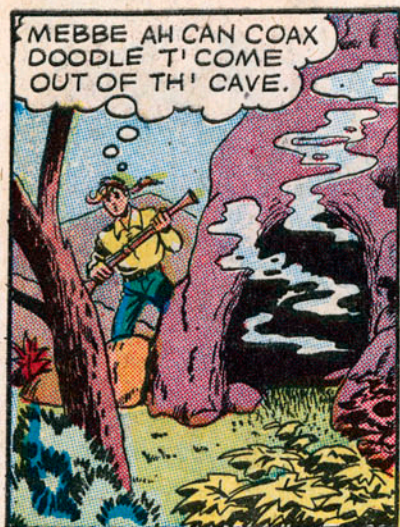
DAN'L FLANNEL

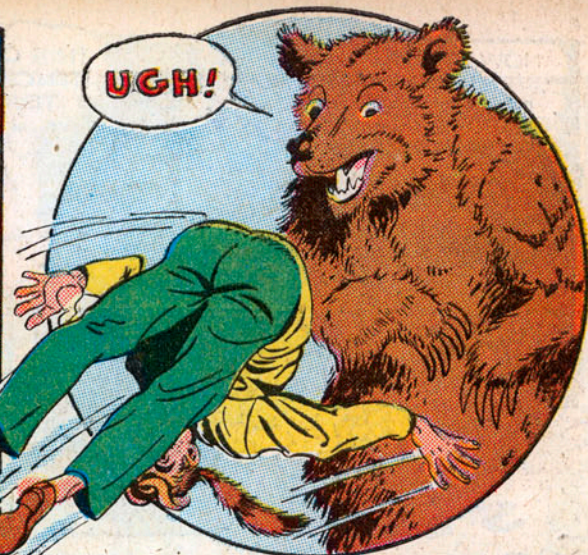
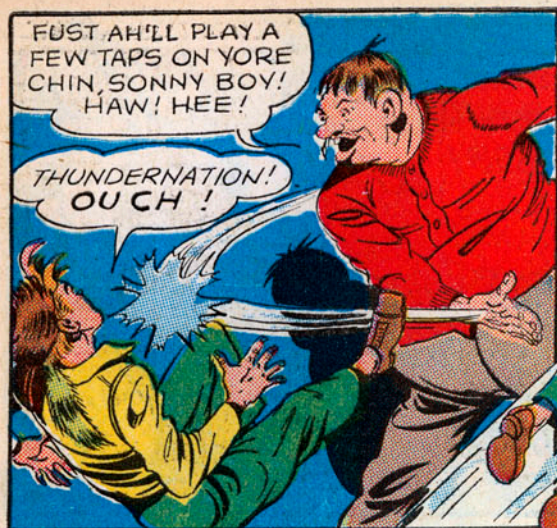
SYNOPSIS...

DANL HAS ACCIDENTALLY VOLUNTEERED TO CAPTURE
"DESPERATE DOODLE", KIDNAPPER OF
HOMESPUN CENTER'S SHERIFF....



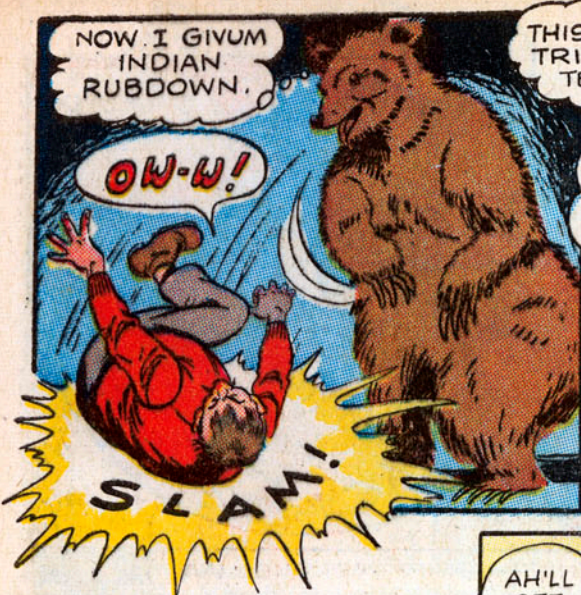
DON'T EVER DOUBT YOUR HOME-FRONT CHORE
WILL HELP A LOT TO WIN THIS WAR





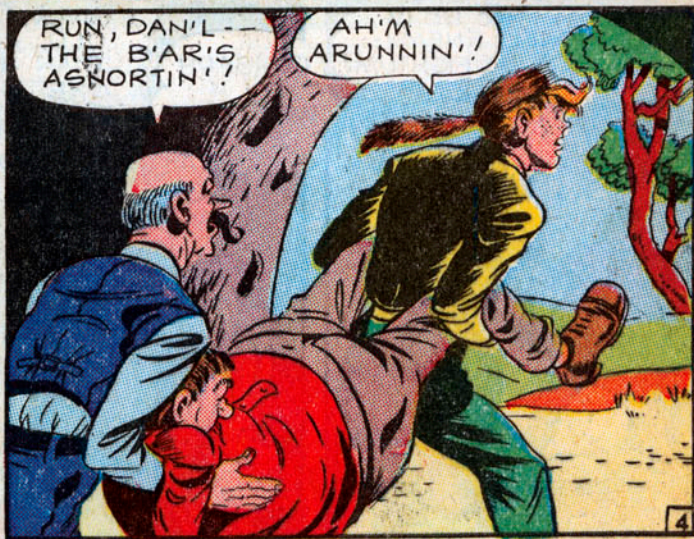
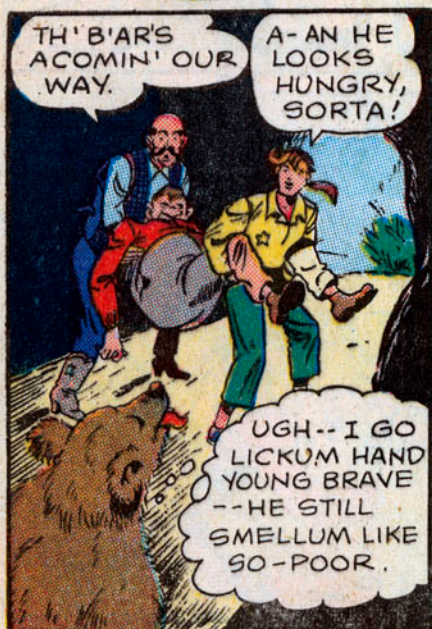
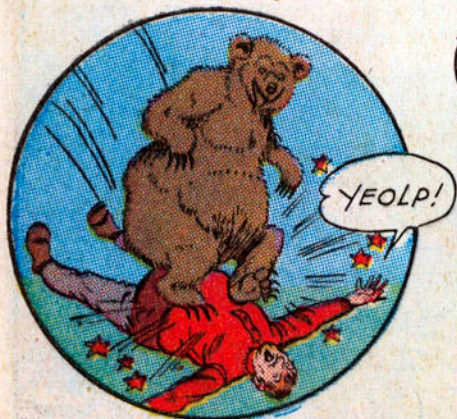
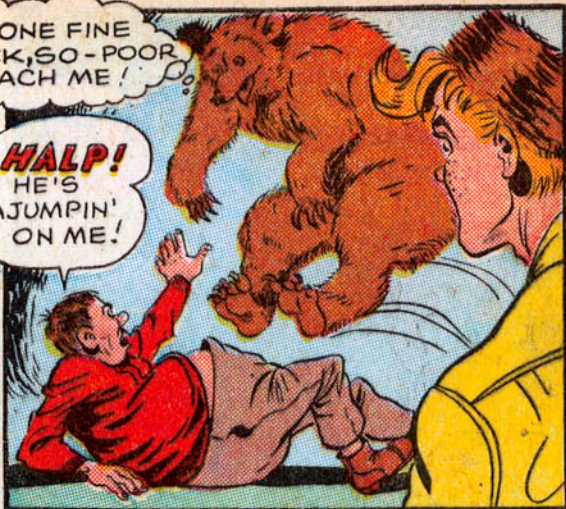
DAN'L LANDS NEAR THUGGEM.





THIS ONE FINE TRICK, SO-POOR, TEACH ME!

HALP!
HE'S AJUMPIN' ON ME!



MEANWHILE, BACK IN HOMESPUN CENTER, THE MOURNFUL CITIZENS ARE POSTHUMOUSLY PAYING THEIR LAST RESPECTS TO "DAID" DAN'L FLANNEL AND SHERIFF LAWHAW.

MAH FRANS -- WE'VE GATHERED H'YAR TO PAY TRIBUTE TO --

HOLD EVERYTHING!

DEAD -- ALIV

HUH? WHUT'S TH' MATTER?

D-D-D-DA
DA-DA-
-DA-

REWARD
DEAD-ALIV

DAN'L!

H'YAR'S DESPERATE DOODLE!

WE GOT HIM!

THUNDERNATION ---SO YE HAVE!

IT WAREN'T NOTHIN'!

NOPE! NOTHIN' AT ALL!

NEVER THO'T YO' CUD DO IT, DAN'L!

WHUT ARE YO' AGOIN' T'DO WITH THE REWARD MONEY, DAN'L?

TURN IT OVER TO TH' COUNCIL FO' CHARITY!

DAN'L, I ALWAYS KNEW YO' WERE NO COWARD!

ULP! HEY-- LET ME GO!

SMACK

THE END.

HERO

By DAVID MARKE

HOW Lincoln Harrison Jones became the idol of Brooking High is one of those once-in-a-lifetime stories. Never, in later years, was he to achieve so much with (as you might say) so little on the ball. Never before had he tasted the sweet fruit of hysterical popularity, hearing a thousand voices bellow his name, being carried through the streets of Brooking like a Roman conqueror.

And love was the answer.

It was the opening day of his senior term and all the lads and lassies were seated in assembly. And there was the **NEW GIRL**, boldly rouging her lips and smiling at him in her mirror as he sat right behind her.

Lincoln was knocked for a loop, and his heart did a **Lindy Hop** when, after assembly, **Bubbles**—that was her name—snuggled up against him in the aisle and cooed, "Hi, Big Boy!" Soon, however, she was the center of a giggling and wisecracking mob and Lincoln was relegated to the sidelines, pushed aside by athletic stars and student leaders.

That afternoon, he resolved to become a big shot. He would go out for football. He would become a second **Red Grange** or something, and **Bubbles** would see that he was the biggest big shot in the whole school. During some crucial game he would be running with the ball, Brooking needing a touchdown to win and only two minutes left to play. Everyone in the stands would be screaming "Lincoln," as he, affectionately known as "the

Galloping Galoot," raced toward the goal line.

In his ecstasy of daydreaming, Lincoln tripped on a curbstone and fell flat on his face. He was stiff in one knee the next afternoon when he reported to try out for the team.

Coach "Octy" Putt, a squat, lantern-jawed young man less gifted in science, which he also taught, than in athletics, for which he had been hired, scowled as he surveyed the lanky, hobbling figure with a too-small helmet which rode high on his ears.

"What **YOU** doin' out here, Jones?" he demanded suspiciously.

"I have decided to play football."

"Oh, yeah?" Putt had been hostile to Lincoln ever since the latter blew up his apparatus in junior chemistry.

A football, booted by **Bozo Williams** from the far end of the field thudded against the new candidate's helmet, jamming it down over his eyes. Jarred by the impact, Lincoln staggered blindly forward. A water bucket becoming entangled in his feet, he crashed to the ground.

Laughing boisterously, Putt surveyed the recumbent aspirant struggling to tear the helmet from his eyes.

"Okay, Jones!" the coach chuckled. "Maybe we can use you out here — for tackling practice."

Lincoln was determined to make good. And all the bruising and beating his body took during those crisp autumn afternoons only strengthened his will to achieve further fame.

Lincoln soon realized, however, that if he was to get anything more than barked shins and an inferiority complex out of football, he'd have to take measures — fast. Already the big game with **Richard High** of **Gail City** was only three weeks off.

Luckily, a new factor entered his life at this time—**Journalism**.

Through his uncle, manager of the "**Gail Express**," he landed a job as cub reporter assigned to send in stray sports items from Brooking.

The City Editor told Lincoln to write about football players.

"I don't mean the regular stars," the City Editor went on. "But try to find some good player they may be keeping under wraps for the big game with **Richard High**. This Coach Putt is a smart apple and there's a rumor around that he's deliberately holding back some of his best material to spring as a surprise."

"Yes, sir."

On his way to school, Lincoln thought over what the editor had said. He tried to figure out whom **Octy Putt** was hoarding on the second team. Most of the scrubs were spindly freshmen who didn't come up to Lincoln's ears. It was impossible to imagine them in such a role. There was only one possible conclusion: Putt had recognized the potential prowess of **Lincoln Harrison Jones**; feigning contempt for his ability, he was really holding him in reserve for the big game!

That afternoon at practice Lincoln trampled through his fellow scrubs to such good purpose that they stopped calling him "**Bag Ears**." Putt growled an approving word in his direction.

Two days later the coach was seen stamping on a crushed newspaper near the twenty-yard line. His neck was a violent purple.

"What blankety-blank reporter wrote this!" he howled. Lincoln felt his ears growing crimson, but thanks to his helmet they were not visible.

It was a small enough item, but had been blown up and captioned: "**GALLOPING GALOOT BELIEVED BROOKING HIGH WHITE HOPE**."

Without naming the galoot, the story made it plain who was meant. Lincoln was glad

he had not confided to his team-mates that he was the "Gail Express" correspondent.

The next day, Octy Putt yanked his arm as he crouched in the scrub line.

"All right, Galoot. The papers say you can play football. I haven't seen it happen. But get out there anyway and work out with the first team. I wouldn't do this, only Taylor is down with hay fever and he may not be able to play!"

Lincoln's mouth fell open. Surprise and joy struggled for possession of his face. "Thanks, Coach!"

"GET OVER THERE, SAP!" Octy Putt screamed, purple color rising like a tide toward his beetled eyebrows.

Came the day of the big game. All Brooking journeyed to Gail City and the Gail folks — confident of victory — thronged in force to the football field.

For Lincoln Harrison Jones it promised to be the greatest day in his life. Strangely enough, his reputé rode high in the enemy camp while among his own teammates he was regarded as an Achilles heel.

Thanks to the stories he had written, a prolonged yell went up from the Richard bleachers when he was observed galloping out on the field.

"Stop Jones! Stop Jones! Get the Galloping Galoot!" was roared in one long chant by the opposition fans. "Smear that White Hope!"

From the field, Jones could see the Richard coach pointing him out to his hulking bruisers.

The bands were playing against each other and soon the game would commence. But first came a touching ceremony long a tradition at Brooking High.

From the sidelines a bevy of girls ran out on the field. Led by Bubbles, each girl carried a huge orange tiger lily — official flower of the school —

and these they proceeded to hand to the Brooking players. Suddenly, Bubbles shrieked, "Oh, what has happened to my ring! I had it on my finger a moment ago! Oh, won't someone look for it!"

The Brooking team flocked around and Lincoln scrambled down on his knees in the short grass.

"I'll be so-oo grateful to whoever finds it," purred Bubbles.

But Coach Putt had other ideas. "All right, you girls, get off the field!" he barked. An official blew his whistle, the girls and the flowers were hustled to the sidelines, and soon the teams lined up for the kick-off — Bubbles' ring forgotten even by Lincoln...

That epic game has long been a matter of history. On left guard Lincoln early fell the brunt of the onslaught as the Richard Ruffians, evidently acting under instructions, ganged up on him whom they had been led to believe was their most dangerous opponent.

It is likely that this illusion prevented them from scoring as they quite obviously deserved. For while Jones was being "stopped" on several occasions Bozo Williams ran around right end for substantial yardage. At any rate in the fourth quarter the score stood 18-14, with Richard High ahead.

Battered, groggy, Lincoln Harrison Jones crouched on the Richard twenty-yard line as the game moved to its close. As signals were being wearily called by Bozo Williams, Lincoln saw Gillespie watching him again with a vicious look in his eye. He knew what was coming, hoped only that the captain would vary his usual trampling technique.

"65-43-12—HEP!"

Just before the ball was snapped, Lincoln's foggy vision saw something glistening in the grass directly in front of Gillespie. Bubbles' ring! As the ball moved, Lincoln

plunged forward with an eager cry, aiming for the bright gem which might spell Bubbles' favor.

CRASH! He collided with Gillespie just before his fingers closed on it.

The next thing he knew his team was lined up on the other end of the field, Bozo having been chased clear back to his 45-yard line. There were only 40 seconds of play.

A substitute came running out to take Lincoln's place, but he was a moment too late. Every sense a quiver, Lincoln crouched again, dimly hearing the triumphant Richard yell. Far down the field, toward the enemy goal post, he could see where the ring must be.

"HEP!"

Like a cannon ball, Lincoln ploughed through the opposing line. He raced straight as a shot down the field to get the ring. Puzzled, the Richard backfield took after him.

He heard the sudden joyous cry from the Brooking bleachers, turned and saw over his shoulder the ball in mid-air pursuing him. Bozo had launched a desperate pass.

But now Lincoln was on the 20-yard line, and there at his feet lay Bubbles' ring — a gleaming fragment on the white chalk line.

The din became a roar as he stooped to pick it up. As his fingers closed on it, the earth shook with the thunder of his pursuers.

Turning to look at them, in a sort of startled way, he put out his arms as if to make them pause. Miracle of miracles, the ball fell straight into his arms. Automatically gathering it close to his bosom, he caught his balance and raced for the goal line. Would-be tacklers piled up where he had been.

Just as the finish gun went off, Lincoln — the White Hope of Brooking — crossed for a winning touchdown.

But Lincoln was thinking of Bubbles — and how grateful she would be.

THE END

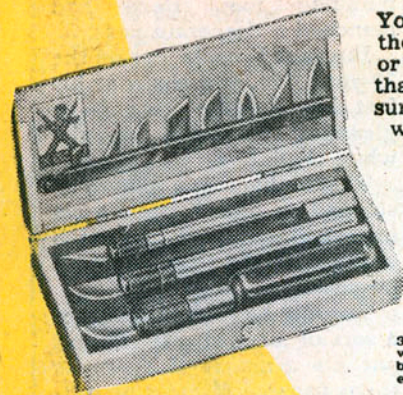


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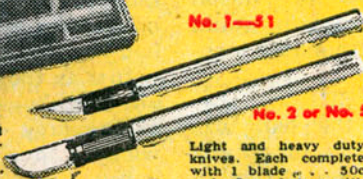
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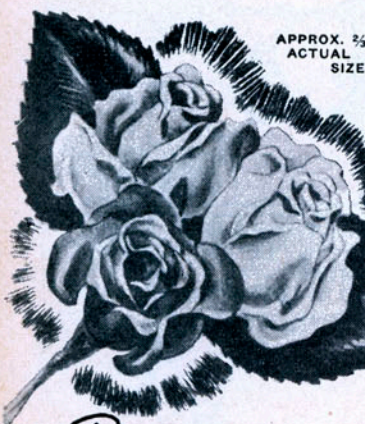
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ACTUAL
SIZE



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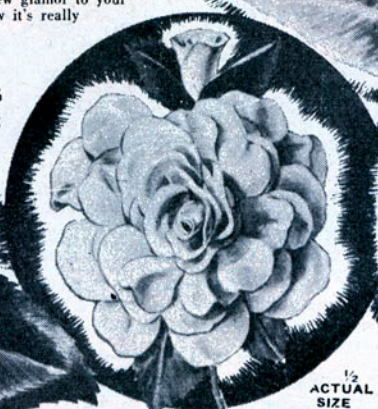


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beautiful flowers that GLOW IN THE DARK, on approval! Yes, unless you're thrilled, delighted . . . unless your friends exclaim in admiration and envy you your glamorous possessions, your money back! You need send no money. Just check Flowers wanted on coupon. Note the special introductory, generous money-saving combination offers. All are truly amazing bargains. Send no money. Just mail coupon. On arrival, pay your postman the exact amount, plus postage (if money comes with your order we pay the postage).

Then examine, wear. Compare with any ornament it's possible to obtain, and after 10 full days, if you can bear to part with these lovely creations, simply return them for your money back. Isn't that a fair, generous offer? Then don't wait. Mail coupon now, while it's before you.



APPROX.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ ACTUAL
SIZE

Lifelike ORCHID GLOWS IN THE DARK

Yes, this lifelike, gorgeous orchid glows in the dark and is a sensation wherever you go. It's so lifelike, so much like the exact color, look, feel of the costly orchid that it actually looks real. It's gorgeous by day, and at night it seems a rare, shimmering jewel. It helps beautify your every costume. And the price is almost unbelievable, only \$1 on this special offer. And you test at our risk. Mail coupon and you must be overjoyed, delighted, or money back.

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Glowing Tea Rose Clusters (In Addition to Free Single Tea Rose)

Glowing Orchids (Indicate above How Many of Each You Desire)

NOTE: You may select any Flower shown, or any assortment. Be sure to mark quantity.

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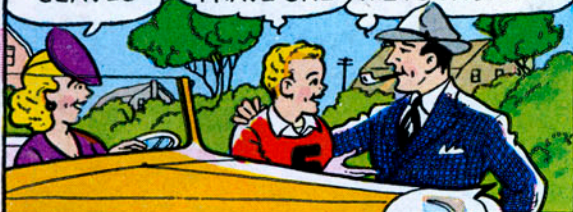
SPEEDY WHEELER

**SAVES THE DAY
AND
WINS A BIKE**

COME ON, DEAR—THERE ISN'T MUCH TIME BEFORE YOUR TRAIN LEAVES

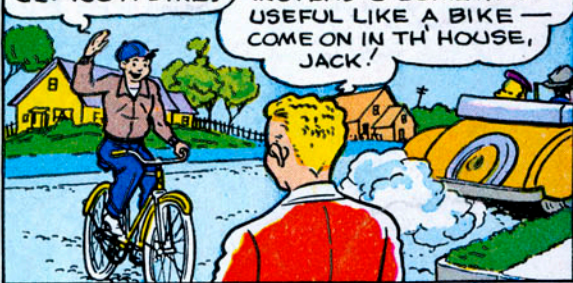
BUT, DAD—ALL THE OTHER KIDS HAVE BIKES—WHY CAN'T I HAVE ONE?

SPEEDY, I'VE TOLD YOU WE CAN'T BUY THINGS WE DON'T NEED THIS YEAR—SO STOP TEASING ME FOR A BICYCLE!



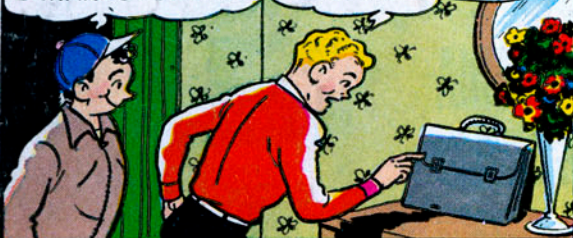
SAY, SPEEDY, IS YOUR DAD GOING TO GET YOU A BIKE?

NOPE! GEE! YOU'D THINK I WAS ASKIN' FOR A TOY INSTEAD O' SOMETHIN' USEFUL LIKE A BIKE—COME ON IN TH' HOUSE, JACK!



MOM SAYS SHE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT SHE'D DO WITHOUT ME AN' MY BIKE TO RUN ERRANDS FOR HER

HEY!, JACK, LOOK! DAD FORGOT HIS BRIEF CASE AN' IT HAS ALL OF HIS IMPORTANT PAPERS IN IT!



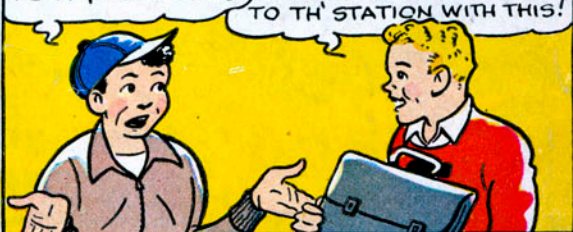
OH, DAD! HERE'S YOUR BRIEF CASE!

BY GINGER, SPEEDY, YOU'RE O.K. I'D SURE HAVE BEEN OUT OF LUCK WITHOUT THAT—IT'S LUCKY YOU COULD BORROW A BIKE AND GET IT HERE IN TIME!



SO WHAT? YOUR MOM'LL DRIVE BACK FOR IT, WON'T SHE?

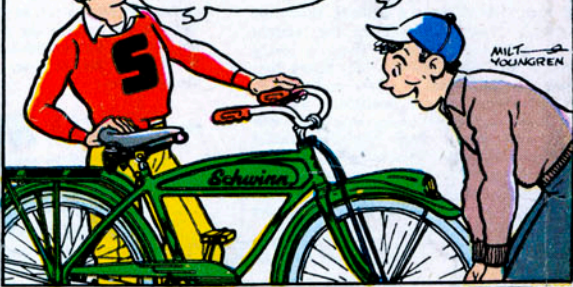
NO, THERE ISN'T TIME—JACK! LEND ME YOUR BIKE—I'LL TEAR DOWN TO TH' STATION WITH THIS!



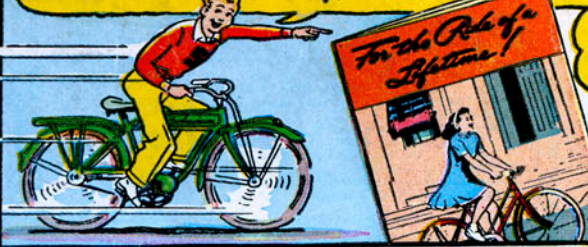
LATER

YUP, JACK, DAD FINALLY FOUND OUT THAT A BIKE IS A REAL NECESSITY!

WOWIE! A SCHWINN! ARE YOU EVER LUCKY!!



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CHAMELEON	RYAN/ALLISON ?	7
DINK	HAMMER*	2
BULL'S-EYE BILL	ALBRIGHT*	5
CANDID CHARLIE	GUTH*	6
HAVE YOU HEARD?	HAMMER*	1
SCHOOL DAYS	GUTH*	1/2
TARGET	BATTFIELD	6

HOLIDAY QUIZ	HAMMER*	1
TARGETOONS	HAMMER*	1
DAVID FLANNEL	SCHROTTER	5
(DAVID T. MARICE)	TEXT	2